

L I F E ;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES

OF

WILLIAM RAMBLE, Esq.

By the Author of MODERN TIMES;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF GABRIEL OUTCAST.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

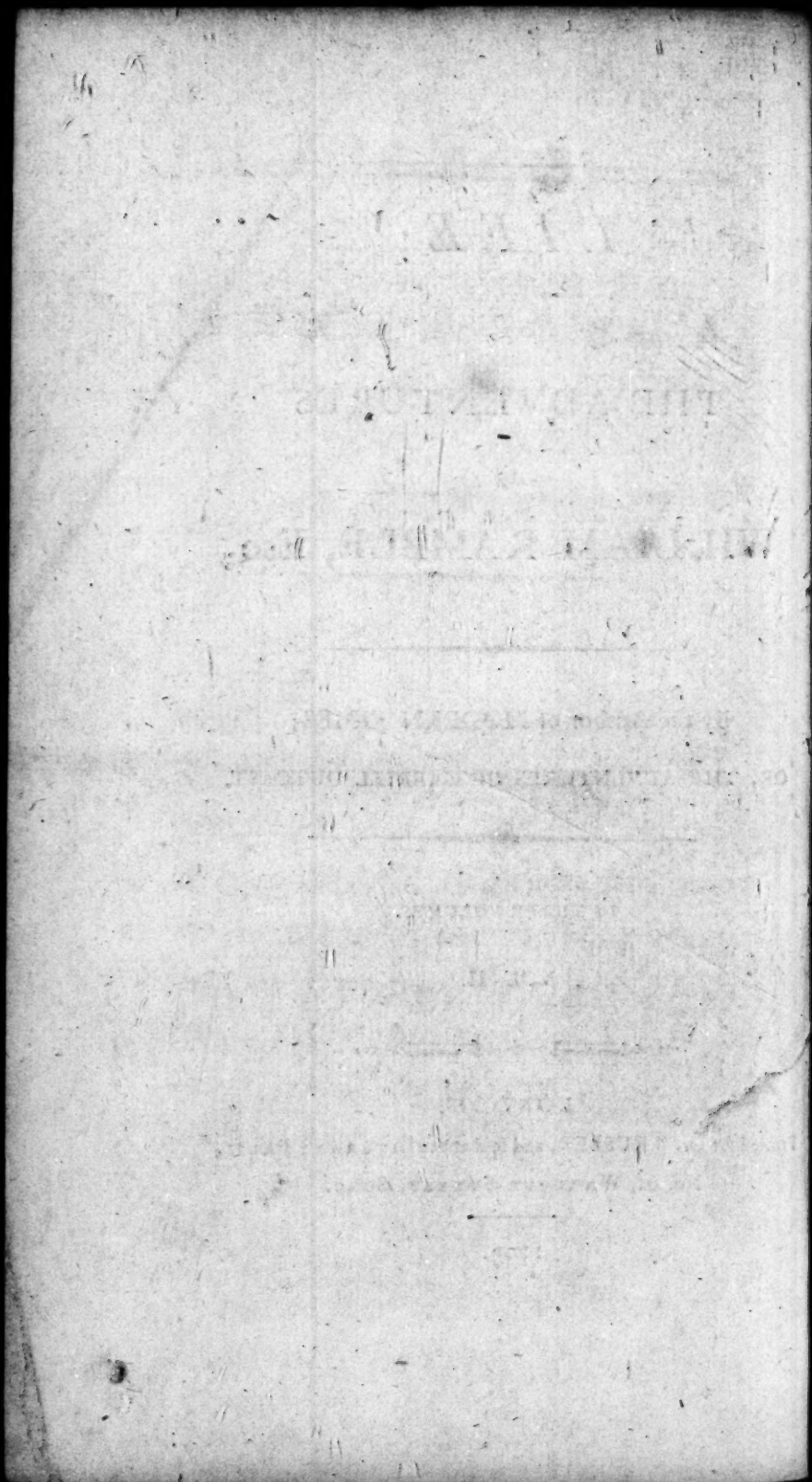


LONDON:

Printed for D^y. TRUSLER, and sold at the LITERARY PRESS,

N^o. 62, WARDOUR-STREET, SOHO.

1793.



THE
A D V E N T U R E S

OF
WILL. RAMBLE, Esq.

C H A P. XV.

RATTLE called on his friend Ramble, and took him with him to the Shakespeare; the members had assembled some time; they consisted of a motley group of all classes, all complexions, and all nations. The chair was filled with old Noisy, a man of some conse-

quence in the opinion of the society, and more so in his own; he was one, who had long been the bell-weather of the flock. A man, with a fullen countenance, and hanging eye-brows, that prevented his eyes declaring the mischief brooding in his heart. He hated Kings and King's-men, but it was only because he was not on the list himself. This man had been haranguing the company for near an hour and an half, and had not done yet. He was, when Ramble entered, on the subject of republicanism. "Monarchy, (said he) could only be the invention of tyrants, who wished to enslave the people, and make them subservient

“ subservient to their own purposes.

“ If kings had no such wish, what

“ were they? Idols, puppets, to whose

“ office was annexed a troublesome,

“ and ridiculous—nay, I may call it, a

“ *blasphemous* ceremony, assuming that

“ homage, that should be paid only to

“ the Deity; an office to which the

“ good sense of the people is sacrificed,

“ and a million of their money yearly.

“ Why are we, gentlemen, to work

“ hard?—Why is the honest shoe-ma-

“ ker, the taylor, the button-maker,

“ the turner, and a thousand other re-

“ spectable tradesmen, to deprive their

“ wives and children of comfort and

“ necessities, to cloath, amuse, and

B 3

“ pamper

" pamper a gilded puppet? 'Tis true,
 " I have no wife nor child, at least
 " such as I would call so, but never-
 " theless I feel for you all. — God
 " knows my heart—I speak not from
 " private interest. Whether we have
 " a king or no king, it is all the same to
 " me. I have no money, that I care a fig
 " for. What I win to day, I lose to-mor-
 " row, and what I may lose to-morrow,
 " I may win the day after. To a single
 " man, life's a lottery. He is the child
 " of fortune. The world contributes to
 " support me. One feeds me, another
 " cloathes me, and if I cannot pay them,
 " in cash, I will in breath. No man
 " shall stop my mouth. Words are the
 " only things I have to give, and I will

" never spare them. If they choak my
 " utterance above, I will pour them
 " forth below. A f—t for them all. I
 " care not who leaves me, or who keeps
 " with me. I can *stand* without support,
 " ask mother A—, she'll vouch for me.
 " I have no wife or children but you;
 " it is for you, and you only, that
 " I have struggled through life, and
 " for you I will struggle, whilst
 " I have lungs and spirits.—In
 " short, gentlemen, you are always
 " sure of *me*. I am a republican all
 " over; *will oppose* *depotism*, *vi et*
 " *armis*, *and fight for your interest*, *pe-*
 " *dibusque manibusque.*"

" *Till I am*
 " *in place*; Mr. President, I shall nae
 " think

" think that adminiftration confults
 " its own intereft; they ought to
 " ha their freends aboot them, (fays
 Saunders Macpherson a brawny
 Scotch-man, who fat impatiently
 waiting for an opportunity of vent-
 ing his farcafms. " It would be
 " happy for his maajefty, if au his
 " freends were as muckle in his in-
 " tereft, as Saunders Macpherson, who
 " has travelled in his kirtle far o'er
 " the Highlands, in defence of pre-
 " rogative. An ye had any discern-
 " ment, you would ken the bleffings
 " of the present eftablifhment. Be-
 " fore our good Jamie fat on the
 " throne of this country, ye were aw
 " a parcel of raggamuffins, like the
 " Sans

" *Sans Culottes* at Paris, running
 " your heeds against each other, in
 " search of a scurvey lassie, ye call
 " leeberty, who has played you mo-
 " nie a shrewd trick. She shewed
 " you a bonny visage, to mark your
 " in loov wi her, and then turned
 " her ragged breech upon you. It
 " was oor Jamie that taught you
 " to be weese; he took the dirk out
 " of your hands, that you might not
 " cut your fingers, and let you ken
 " that happinefs was in aw your
 " reach. Has not he and his suc-
 " cessors given sic encouragement to
 " trade and commerce, that you
 " may, if you please, indulge your
 " luxuries, nay your very veeces?

" Ha they not put you in the way
 " to get sic plenty of pouns, that
 " you may throw them awa and be
 " nae the poorer? for what you lack
 " in cash, you find in credit. There's
 " yon bonny chield, Johnny Latirat,
 " that will tell you the same; he
 " will tell you that he has mair
 " pouns, than he kens what to do
 " wi. Where then, in the name of
 " St. Andrew, is there cause of grum-
 " bling? Why winna you be content?
 " Money appears of so little value,
 " in the present, happy times, that
 " each man seems to ha mair of it
 " than he wishes, or he winna part
 " wi it so reedily. We are aw sen-
 " sible of the condescension of oor
 " government

"government—Are not the king's
 "meenisters ready for a little of this
 "stuff, which is of nae value, and
 "which we seem to set nae store by,
 "to gee us permeeffion to use oor
 "aine jades, to employ our aine ser-
 "vants, to breathe the fresh air, and
 "enjoy the leeht of the day? And
 "that we may nae want a quantity of
 "money to pay for sic indulgencies,
 "what can be maer confiderate than
 "to leemit our amusements, and
 "keep us frae spending our time
 "idly? That gued hearted man Ja-
 "mie, departed frae his aine fertile
 "country to take up his residence in
 "South Britain, where your finest pro-
 "speets, without a mountain, are nae

" mair to be compared with the
 " prospects of the North, than a
 " lassie, with fine eyne and good
 " complexion, but without a nose in
 " her face, is to ane who has
 " every striking feature. You may
 " tell us that he was glad to get
 " into the South, that he might taste
 " your peaches and your nectarines,
 " and your other fine fruits; but in
 " gued troth, where would ha been
 " sic fruits, but for the gardeners of
 " North Britain, who are as far prefera-
 " ble to the fruits, as the creator is
 " to the created. Every country has
 " its boast, England may have a good
 " cleemet for peaches and nectarines,
 " it may excel in arts, as France
 " does

" does in wine, Arabia in horses, and
 " Spain in wool. But I declare by St.
 " Andrew, no country can produce
 " better men and women than Scot-
 " land; they are oor staple commodity;
 " they are au men of learning, and
 " we export a great number to en-
 " rich other countries. Even Lon-
 " don is the better for them, and
 " you ought to be thankful, that our
 " Jamie led the way. Had he been
 " weefse and steed in his aine country,
 " you would now ha been as savage
 " as your ancestors, but he removed;
 " himsel here, made London the
 " capital of Scotland, and held his
 " court at St. James's, which is lit-
 " tle better than an hospital; when
 " he

" he might have figured away with
 " more splendor and comfort in Holy-
 " rood house, in Edinburgh ; so that do
 " ye ken maeister president, Jamie
 " coming to London, brought au our
 " nobeclity and gentry here too ;
 " and here they are spending
 " their estates among an ungrate-
 " ful rabble. What would England
 " ha been, but for the union?——
 " She has grown wealthy ; she has
 " acquired a million and a half
 " of freends, that would otherwise ha
 " been her enemies. She has ac-
 " quired security. There is no door
 " open now, by which the French
 " can penetrate your country. They
 " dare as soon be d—n'd as attempt
 to

“ to invade Scotland ; so that if you
 “ can but defend your own coasts, you
 “ may bid the de’el kiss your weem.

“ Yet, ye are a’ grumblin’ ; ye are nae
 “ grateful nor contented, but ye want
 “ to pull down your monarch, and be-
 “ come as savage as your forefathers.

“ In guede troth, Mr. President, we are
 “ under great obligation to govern-
 “ ment, and ought to be very proud
 “ of our king.”

“ That dunderhead, Mr.

“ Chairman, that rails at all measures,
 “ that do not accord with his inclina-
 “ tions, (says Neddy Turncoat, a stout,
 tall man, who had once been
 of another way of thinking than
 when he rose up to speak, and
 who

who then took the part of opposition, because he thought opposition was on the eve of getting into place)
“ That dunderhead, (says he) discovers very little sagacity, and can
“ have no retrospect to the excellence
“ of the British constitution. He is a
“ mere creature of his own fancy, and
“ illumined only by the glare of a deceitful meteor, the *ignis fatuus* of a
“ shallow mind, that leads him into
“ bottomless bogs, and over dreadful
“ precipices. The man who lifts his
“ hand against the present government,
“ reminds me of the giant in Mother
“ Goose's Tales, who, in the interm-
“ perence of his wrath, tore up a vast
“ oak by the roots, and brandished it
“ in

" in his hand, crying, Fee, fau, funt,
 " I smell the blood of an Englishman!
 " I am a plain man, Mr. Chairman,
 " and love to use plain word; and;
 " when I speak of the constitution of
 " this country, I speak the language of a
 " plain citizen, not versed in oratory,
 " or bred in the school of rhetorick.
 " When I speak of the three estates of
 " the realm, the King, the Lords, and
 " the Common, I approach the Com-
 " mons, with respect, the Lords with
 " deference, and the King with awe.
 " I consider each as a check upon the
 " other, and each incapable of doing
 " any harm; but, collectively, it is like
 " the *tria in uno*, where the whole com-
 " bined, is perfect; and where one
 " power

" power cannot act, but in union with
 " the other two. All must be wrong,
 " or each must be right. Whoever,
 " then, shall gainsay this trinity, is a
 " blasphemer of the state, an incendi-
 " ary, a seditious fellow, running about
 " with a torch in his hand, to set fire to
 " the constitution. He is a second
 " Guy Faux, attempting to blow up
 " both houses of Parliament; a wretch,
 " that covets only, as do that despe-
 " rate assembly on the other side the
 " water, to embrace his hands in his
 " country's blood. And, after all, was
 " the Genius of this isle to withdraw its
 " patronage, and exclude it from the
 " orb of its influence; was a revolu-
 " tion to take place, a subversion of
 " things

" things to ensue, and the reverend
 " Bishops degraded, and made to starve,
 " as do the French Prelates, in a fo-
 " reign garret, upon six-pence a day;
 " was the dignity of the peerage to be
 " trampled on, and their august house
 " laid in ruins; in short, was our wife
 " and keen-fighted monarch tumbled
 " from his throne; these miscreants,
 " that bellow forth equality, these fire-
 " and-faggot men, these incendiaries
 " of the state, these murderers of the
 " peace and happiness of mankind,
 " might have their wish; they might
 " huzza, and trample over the devasta-
 " tion they occasion; *but what would*
 " *it all tend to?"*

Order, Order, Order!

" was

was vociferously called for, by the op-
 position part of the room, and Patrick
 O'Conner, an Irishman, was louder than
 the rest.—“ I beg lave, Mr. Prefident,
 “ (said he) to call the jontleman, that
 “ spoke last, to order; and to tell him
 “ a little bit of a secret; that those who
 “ contend for leeberthy, are neither
 “ torch-carriers, incendiaries, nor mur-
 “ derers; that Patrick O'Conner, that
 “ is to say, my own self, is one of the
 “ leeberthy-boys in Dublin; but, though
 “ I was born in that city, I am, never-
 “ theless, d'ye see, an Englishman.
 “ It matters not at all where a man is
 “ born; he is not a horse, because he was
 “ born in a stable. Our principles, Mr.
 “ Prefident, are to overthrow arbitrary
 “ power

" power, tyranny, and insolence; and
 " little Patrick O'Conner will never be
 " wanting in his part, whilst he is
 " able to wield a shilelah. Let me
 " tell you, that our constitution is no
 " constitution at all, at all; that the
 " law was given, as Tommy Paine says,
 " by a rogue of a conqueror, whose
 " name I have forgot; and it would be
 " well for this country, if the Dukes
 " and the Lords of Manors, d'ye see,
 " forgot it too; we should have no such
 " squabbling about a silly hare, or an
 " insignificant partridge. The feudal
 " system, Mr. President, which, by
 " the bye, is a system of oppression,
 " was introduced by this same con-
 " queror; and the government, in that

I

" man's

“ man’s hands, was a government of
 “ despotism. When he parcelled out
 “ the lands, which he took from their
 “ right owners, among his banditti,
 “ he gave the staff out of his own
 “ hands; for, in a short space of time,
 “ instead of one tyrant in this country,
 “ there were many—fair, and you may
 “ say that too, there were two or three
 “ hundred. These men governed in-
 “ stead of the King, and gave one of
 “ the Henry’s, I am told, (the De’l
 “ burn him) leisure to play the same
 “ game in Ireland, and enslave our
 “ dear, sweet country, as well as his
 “ own. The consequence of this, Mr.
 “ President, was, that instead of Kings
 “ ruling the Barons, the Barons ruled
 “ the

" the kings, and were far greater tyrants
 " than he who created them. Upon
 " this, d'ye see, the Kings of England
 " took the alarm, and called an
 " assembly of the people, that the na-
 " tion might not be over-run with aris-
 " tocrates ; but these over-bearing fel-
 " lows, I understand, did not part with
 " all their power, but said to the Com-
 " mons, If you sit in one house, to
 " take care of yourselves, we will sit in
 " another, to take care of *ourselves*, and
 " the King, God blefs him, shall sit in
 " a house alone, be his own President,
 " and take care of *himself*. So that you
 " see, Mr. President, here are your tree
 " estates of the empire, as that jontle-
 " man says, who spoke last, and was
 " called

" called to order. So that we are all
 " now to take care of ourselves; and
 " by my fait and conscience, Patrick
 " O'Connor will be the first to do this.
 " In short, it appears to me, that these
 " free estates, with the privilege of
 " interrupting each other, have the
 " great power of doing nothing at all.
 " What, then, is this mighty constitu-
 " tion we boast so much of? A mere
 " bubble. The people, it is true, have,
 " in some measure, acquired the af-
 " scendency, have mollified and filed
 " down, d'you see, the knots and rug-
 " ged points of the cudgel held over
 " them; but the cudgel, like my shila-
 " lah, is strong, and tough enough
 " to make them smart. We have
 " heard

" We have heard gentlemen a great
 " deal.—You may talk of your pri-
 " vileges till you are tired. I see none
 " equal to that of being at leeberty,
 " to stop a fools mouth. By St.
 " Patrick, I wish I had the stopping
 " of all your mouths, you would then
 " talk a little more to the purpose.
 " —If you are for levelling, why do
 " it by halves?—If you level one ting
 " and not another, d'ye see, it will be
 " like hill and dale—there will be
 " be no equality. I'm for overthrow-
 " ing the whole together. Down with
 " the lawyers; let us trust to ourselves.
 " Down with the churches; we can
 " pray in our closets. Down with the
 " army; we can fight our own battles.
 " Down with the whigs, and down with

“ the tories, and we shall be all of one
 “ party. This will be something like
 “ an equality, and then, *he who has the*
 “ *strongest arm, will claim the biggest*
 “ *share.*”

“ *It has always been the study*
 “ *of administration, Mr. Chairman, since*
 “ I have known what administration
 “ is, (says Jack Latitat) who was one
 “ of the company, to do good to so-
 “ ciety, and consult their ease, their
 “ happiness, and interest. I defy any
 “ man, within his own memory, to de-
 “ ny the truth of this assertion. Poli-
 “ ticians may differ in opinion, and op-
 “ pose; but that opposition, if they would
 “ speak their honest sentiments, rises
 “ only from jealousy, at their not be-
 “ ing employed in the affairs of go-
 “ vernment,

" vernment, and from envy of those
 " who *are* employed. Look to all the
 " acts of the state, and tell me, if they
 " have not a good tendency ; and that if
 " any measure has not answered the ex-
 " pectation of parliament, it has not
 " been immediately altered. There is
 " nothing I see to complain of, but an in-
 " judicious expenditure sometimes of
 " the public money ; and why may not
 " this be the case as well under a repub-
 " lican government, as in the present
 " state of things ? I admit that the in-
 " fluence of the Minister in the House
 " of Commons, is an evil that requires
 " to be remedied, but the remedy lies
 " with the people. If the electors of
 " this kingdom would be steady and
 C 2 " firm,

“ firm ; lay down certain rules for their
 “ representatives to follow, and deter-
 “ mine to elect no man, who should de-
 “ viate from the instructions he receives;
 “ one who has any apparent connec-
 “ tion with the Upper House, or, who
 “ holds any place under government ;
 “ the evil by such perseverance would
 “ in time cease : but the electors are
 “ such blockheads as to sell themselves,
 “ and then wonder at being sold. This
 “ brings me, Mr. Chairman, to the
 “ subject, I was called on to explain, by
 “ the Scotch gentleman in the corner.
 “ He says, money seems to have little
 “ value, and that I can tell you the
 “ same. There is a kind of paradox in
 “ this

" this. Seldom do we meet with any
 " thing of intrinsic value, but it carries
 " that value in its face or appearance;
 " not so in money: that it is a thing
 " of inestimable value is evident, for to
 " what lengths will not men go, to get
 " possession of it? They will run into
 " every excess, into every absurdity, and
 " into every vice. They will swear,
 " flatter, vilify, abuse, cheat, play the
 " fool, speak the truth, lie, squander,
 " scrape together, plunder, nay even
 " murder, to acquire it. Get money, if
 " you can, honestly (said a writer of an-
 " tiquity) but, however, get money;
 " and when they have with great pains
 " got it, what do they with it, but

" throw it away on things of little or
 " no value? The origin of all this ab-
 " surdity is, that the age is vicious and
 " unprincipled, that men are looked up
 " to, not for their abilities, their ser-
 " vices, or good works, but for their
 " property and wealth. See a man pas-
 " sing by meanly clad; tell your friend
 " that man is worth 100,000l, and he
 " stares at him again and again; but
 " tell him there goes a good man, or
 " there goes a man of great abilities,
 " and he passes unnoticed. Now, as
 " the eyes of all men are turned upon
 " riches, and that man is, *cæteris paribus*
 " most respected, who has most money;
 " every man tries to outvie his neigh-

"bour

“ hour, and to make the best appear-
 “ ance he can.

“ Keep up appearances: there lies the text,

“ The world will give thee credit for the rest.

Churchill.

“ Under this notion he lives beyond
 “ his income, and thus lives a great
 “ deal upon the credit his tradesmen
 “ give him; he spends that money for
 “ them, which they have not the spirit
 “ to spend for themselves. Tradesmen
 “ in this case are not to be pitied; it is
 “ only the biter bit. What leads men in
 “ trade to give uncommon credit, but
 “ to induce fools and spendthrifts to
 “ deal with them, and to enable them
 “ to demand an inequitable and enor-
 “ mous profit? All ending in the love
 “ of that pelf, which, when they have

" got, they rather throw away than
 " make a proper use of. Extortion thus
 " robs itself, and verifys the old pro-
 " verb, Grasp all, lose all. I am one
 " who is up to all this ; I study to pu-
 " nish the extortioner ; in doing this,
 " I enjoy many of the good things in
 " life, which would otherwise escape
 " me. There is an old law subsisting
 " by prescription, that puts a rod in
 " the hand of the extortioner to punish
 " those who attempt to punish him.
 " I mean the law of arrests. This is
 " doubtless a law of oppression ; and,
 " owing to the great chicanery of this
 " law, might overcomes right, thou-
 " sands of villains get their bread, and
 " one man can trample upon another.

But

" But government profits by this vil-
 " lains, and suffers it to go on. This,
 " like the venality of parliament, is an
 " evil that calls loudly for redress; but,
 " it does not follow, that a new system
 " of government is necessary on this
 " account or any other. Indeed, the
 " last evil I complain of (I mean the
 " Law of Attachment,) is no evil to
 " me. I make a virtue of necessity,
 " have the myrmidons of this law in
 " fee, and pay them out of the purses
 " of those who employ them. Upon
 " the whole, Mr. Chairman, the go-
 " vernment is no great eye-sore to me;
 " the evils of life I reconcile to my-
 " self, pass by the indifferent, get out
 " of the way of the worst, and scam-

"ble through them as well as I
"can."

Latitat, casting his eyes on his friend
Ramble, pushed his way up to him,
said, he presumed he had heard non-
sense enough for one night, and took
him away.

CHAP. XVI.

THE Colonel had been in town some
weeks, and had heard nothing of
Miss Raspe, but still had little to ap-
prehend; having, when he left Scot-
land,

land, given her full directions how to find him; and having ordered Flint to make a rapid march to Liverpool, to reconnoitre the enemy's camp, watch their motions, and when he could gain intelligence of Mr. Raspe and his daughter leaving Liverpool, to make the best of his way to London, and acquaint him with it. Flint had a deal of sly cunning about him, and was very adequate to the task, nor had the Colonel reason to fear he would throw himself in Mr. Raspe's way, so as to alarm his suspicions.

Bridget, Lady Dashit's waiting-woman, never lost sight of the scheme she had planned, of imposing Dangle's valet on her mistress, in the character of

tleman, in order to get at her fortune, and divide it between them; for this purpose she was frequently with him at Dangle's lodgings, when his master was out. I will, therefore, lay before my readers a further dialogue of this hero and heroine, as taken down upon Tom's examination. You must mind now (says Bridget when they next met), how you act, and take care not to betray yourself. I have prepared my Lady to receive you some morning, of which I will let you know the day before. Mind now, you must not be flobbering and kissing her, all the time you are there, as you do me; she's a mighty woman for decency and decorum. An occasional kiss, well-timed, is all that is

is necessary ; I shall contrive to be present, at least some part of the time, and watch your motions. Mind—you are to be Sir Thomas Flam ; I have told her you have a great estate in Yorkshire ; 2,000l. a year ; be very generous as to settlements and all that : and you may do what you please with her.

Tom. Suppose I should be known by any of your fellow-servants.

Bridg. I'll take care that William shall be out ; and I don't believe you are known to any one else ; after the first interview you may appoint to meet her at any other place. (*Tom admiring himself*) You must not be admiring *yourself*, but admire *her*, and say all the tender things you can.

Tom.

Tom. Let Tom alone for that ; I believe he has as much to say to the women, and knows as well how to please them, as any gentleman in town.

Bridg. Come let's see how you'll begin ; practise a little upon me.

Tom. We shall be interrupted.

Bridg. Don't be afraid of that ;—
(*looking round*) I see no one in the way.

Tom. Well then, I'll begin thus, with a distant bow ; (*bows affectedly*) and then I'll advance with a respectful look—and with—happy, my dear Madam, is Sir Thomas—What's my name ?

Bridg. Flam.

Tom. Ay, Flam.—Happy, my dear Madam, is Sir Thomas Flam in the opportunity you have been pleased to
indulge

indulge him with, of throwing himself at your feet, (*kneels, and takes Bridget by the hand*) and declaring how much he adores you.

Bridget. And is that the way you mean to begin? I thought a lover at the first meeting always saluted his mistress; I would not give a pin's point for any other introduction.

Tom (still kneeling) I am coming to that.—And permit me in the warmth of my passion to approach your sweet lips, and say, (*kisses her warmly*) I could dwell on them the whole day.

(*Bridget breaking from him almost breathless*). This I think will do; but don't imagine, Tom, that when you are married, I shall suffer you to be inattentive

tive to *me*. If you have any fondness for her afterwards, I shall be as jealous as the devil; for my great failing is, that I love you too well.

Tom. My dear Bridget—never doubt me—you shall have *all my affections* and—*half her money*.

CHAP. XVII.

TO give my reader a farther insight into Spatter's character, whose lying disposition often brought him into hot water; I will lay before him a dialogue that passed between him, Rattle, Dangle,

Dangle, and Saunter, one morning in a retired part of St. James's park, as it was related to my friend Will the next morning. Rattle, Dangle, and Saunter were first together walking; Rattle asked Dangle, among other things, concerning the strange tale that was all the town over,----“ Yes,” (adds Saunter, with his usual spleen, yawning, as if he had been up all night, and scarce able to keep up with his company,) “ that you was turned out of some girl's house for daring to make a proposal to her.”----“ No, no, (says Rattle) that's not the story, how was it Dangle?”----“ You are pleased, Gentlemen, (returned he) to be very merry at my expence---there was no
“ turning

" turning out in the case, nor any *pro-*
 " *posal* thought of."---" That I'll be
 " sworn," (says Rattle, addressing him-
 " self to Saunter) for he never had reso-
 " lution to propose to any woman."---
 " Nor, if he had, (returned Saunter)
 " would any woman listen to him. He
 " has not address sufficient to draw at-
 " tention." This nettled Dangle, and he
 " retorted upon Saunter, " Was I blef-
 " sed with your vivacity (yawning and
 " dragging his legs after him, in imita-
 " tion of Saunter) and rhetoric, I
 " might perhaps stand a little chance."
 " I had rather be asleep all my life (re-
 " plied Saunter) than be treated
 " with the contempt the girls treat
 " you with." Dangle now grew warm,
 said,

said, " the whole was a trumped up affair, and not a syllable of truth in any part of it."—" Nay, (said Rattle) " Saunter's my author,"—(and Saunter) Spatter's mine." Spatter at this instant joined them. " Did not you tell me Spatter, (says Saunter, laughing) that Dangle was *turned out* of some girl's house, for *daring* to make a proposal of marriage to " her ?" Spatter now was gravelled. He first eyed Dangle, then Saunter, conscious of having said so, and knowing it was false, he knew not how well to bring himself off. But as those who are continually telling lies, are always on the look out for resources to excuse themselves; Spatter cries out,

starting,

starting, and lifting up his eyes, " *Me!*—
 " Lord, Lord, how stories are pervert-
 " ed by carrying!—What I said was with
 " a view of raising Dangle in the opi-
 " nion of his friends;—he,—you know
 " is said to want resolution,—and I..."
 " Sir?" (replies Dangle, angrily, and
 interrupting him) Spatter still at a loss
 how to proceed, continued, " Resolu-
 " tion, I mean with respect to the *wo-*
 " *men.*—How you take me up!--That
 " is to say, you wait upon them for
 " years, and trifle with them. Now, I
 " wished to have it known, that is by no
 " means the case.—On Saunter's say-
 " ing, Dangle will never get a wife, for
 " the women despise him,—I beg your
 " pardon, says I,—I beg your pardon,
 " many

"many a girl would be glad to have
 "him, but he is a man of discernment,
 "and will not tie himself where he is
 "not likely to be happy."—"Did not
 "you (returned Saunter, staring in
 Spatter's face, with a look of resent-
 ment) "Did not you say that he was
 "*turned out of doors?*" Spatter, who
 now began to wish himself any where
 but where he was, replied, "You shall
 "hear what I said, if you have but pa-
 "tience." (Rattle continuing Saunters
 "method of address) "Ay, and that they
 "slapped the door in his face?" And
 Saunter again, without suffering Spatter
 to reply, "and that he was forbidden to
 "come there any more?" Spatter, now
 losing all temper, cried "No,—no,—

no!

"no!"—(uttering each *no* with a degree
 "of increased vociferation). It is im-
 "possible gentlemen to go on, if I am
 "to be so interrupted!—(then lowering
 "his tone), Let me see,"—recollecting
 himself,) "Where was I?—Oh! that
 "Dangle was a man of discernment,
 "and would not fix where there was
 "not a prospect of happiness—where
 "there was not a prospect of happi-
 "ness:" so far (says I) from his trifling
 "with the women; to my certain know-
 "ledge he made a proposal of marriage
 "the other day to a very respectable
 "lady, whom I could name, if I thought
 "proper, but with whom he could not
 "succeed, from an unconquerable aver-
 "sion she had to him." Here Rattle
 laughed

laughed heartily at Dangle, and cried!
 "Go on Spatter,—let's have it,—all the
 "women hate him." Saunter, who
 was half asleep at this part of the sto-
 "ry, but who was roused by Rattle's
 "noise, starts, and cries, "How, how?
 "I lost that—"—"Where's the won-
 "der? (says Rattle to him)—Why,
 "was not you awake?"—Dangle now
 addressed himself to Spatter, seriously
 asking him, "what he meant by repre-
 "senting things so falsely; told him he
 "was a mongrel, between ill nature, and
 "false art, and might be well classed
 "with these creatures, whom God
 "never made. What aversion, (conti-
 "nued he) could she have to *me*?"
 "Spatter now grew warm, and declared,
 "he

He never said any such thing; "how
 "can I go on (said he) with the rela-
 "tion, if you break in upon me so often?
 "—I said unconquerable aversion to,
 "it—that is to *matrimony*; winking at
 "Rattle and Saunter) I could never sup-
 "pose any woman could have an aver-
 "sion to *you*; No, that would be unna-
 "tural (sneering and saying to himself)
 "I must get out of this d—m'd diffi-
 "culty some way) *aversion to it* were the
 "words, that is, to *marriage*, for unac-
 "countable as it is, some women are
 "averse to it. There's Lady Bab
 "Squeamish, and many more I could
 "mention of the same turn:—and that
 "this lady to whom you proposed, re-
 "quested time to consider of it;—that
 "was

" was all. Upon my soul, gentlemen,
 " if your ears are so treacherous as to
 " mislead your understandings, I must
 " lock up my mouth in future. Saun-
 " ter, are you for the billiard table?"
 " I am, (says he, yawning,) agreeable
 " to any thing."—" For, (continues
 " Rattle, imitating Saunter,) he has
 " nothing to do. Saunter is a man of
 " great business, and is jaded to death
 " every day with doing nothing.
 " Eating, drinking, sleeping,—every
 " thing fatigues him. He is too lazy
 " even to put his own cloaths on."—
 " Don't call it *laziness*, (said Spatter)
 " you do him wrong; it is a philosophic
 " indolence, the work of a mind, wean-
 " ed from all the pursuits of life."—

“No, no, (returned Rattle) it is a con-
 “stitutional idleness. So idle is he, that
 “I believe, if he was under the necessity
 “of working for his living, he would
 “suffer himself to perish with hunger.--
 “--You are a lazy fellow, Spatter, but
 “you love to talk; but even talking
 “tires Saunter.”--“I wish, (returned
 “Saunter to Rattle) talking tired *you*.
 “I will own to you that there is not
 “any thing so tiresome to oneself as an
 “idle life; but the less a man says,
 “the less nonsense he broaches, and the
 “less tiresome he is to others. *Verbum*
 “*sapienti*; if the cap fits you, Rattle,
 “wear it.”--“Come, Gentlemen, (says
 “Dangle,) don’t let us be sparring
 “here; let us adjourn to the table, and
 “try

“try if we can get into better humour.”
 Saunter dropping his hat, begged of
 Rattle to pick it up for him. “Not I,
 “(says Rattle) you have nothing to do,
 “you know, and therefore may stoop
 “for it yourself.” He then applied
 to Dangle for the same purpose. “Rot
 “me if I do,” (said Dangle). He
 “asked Spatter, but Spatter also re-
 fusing, was obliged to stoop for it
 himself; but did it with that difficulty
 attendant upon indolence: and picking
 up his hat, he dropped his stick, which
 he thus addressed, “I won’t be at the
 “trouble of stooping again for you,
 “however; you may lie there till the
 “next person comes by; and if he
 “picks you up, he’ll deserve you.”

C H A P. XVIII.

MY friend Will, who, in the goodness of his heart, having been security, for one of his acquaintances, for the sum of 500*l*. signed a bond in judgment for the same, was now called on, in a hostile manner, for the money; and not being master of that sum, was arrested, and his goods taken in execution. With a degree of imprudence, on a presumption that he should marry Miss Raspe, and in order that he might have a place to bring her to, he took a house in London, and furnished it elegantly, and thus stripped himself of the best part of his ready cash.

cash. He had some securities, as I have mentioned, which his father left him ; and he meant to raise money on the same, not only for himself, but for his friend Charles Simple. That young gentleman, however, having settled his matters with his wife's father, stood not in need of it ; of course, Ramble, having, as he thought, sufficient for his present exigencies, deferred making any application for more ; and not being provided for this unexpected call, was hurried away to the house of a sheriff's officer. Spatter soon heard of it, hastened to Lady Dashit's with the news, and meeting with her ladyship, and Miss Trevor together, " Bless me, Ladies," (said he, almost out of
D 1 breath)

breath) "I have the most unfortunate
 " piece of news to tell you—the most
 unlucky circumstance" ... The ladies
 were alarmed, and Lady Dashit inter-
 rupted him with "not very bad I
 " hope?"—"Bad?" (returned he)—
 "Poor Colonel Ramble!—I am so dis-
 " tressed, I hardly know how to relate
 " it." Miss Trevor was ready to faint,
 and saying, in a low voice, "she hoped
 " nothing had happened to the Colo-
 " nel." Lady Dashit, wishing to smo-
 ther it, said, "No, *not* to Colonel Ram-
 " ble," and said to Spatter, "For
 " God's sake don't mention the Colo-
 " nel here.—(and winking at him) You
 " have nothing to tell us about Colonel
 " Ramble?" But he, not taking the
 hint,

hint, went on, " It is *all* about Ram-
 " ble—had it happened to any other
 " person, it would not have affected
 " me." Miss Trevor, rather recovered,
 enquired if he had met with any acci-
 dent, any fall, or wound. " No, Ma'am,
 " (said Spatter) he has not fallen into a
 " bog, nor into a mill-pond; that would
 " be nothing; there would be some
 " hopes of getting him out from
 " thence;—but he has fallen"
 At these words Miss Trevor had near-
 ly fainted a second time, and Lady
 Dashit could not help saying to Spatter,
 " See what your foolish tongue does.—
 " I'll lay my life, after all, it is nothing
 " of any consequence. (adding angrily)
 " Where has he fallen?"—"Into the

" hands of the *lawyers* !—(said Spatter)
 " Is *that* of no consequence? Rot me
 " if I would not as soon have fallen
 " from a house-top."—"That, (return-
 " ed Lady Dashit) I long expected.
 " You see, my dear Emily, (ad-
 " dressing herself to Miss Trevor who
 " was now in little better spirits) how
 " this mighty accident turns out, at
 " which you were so much alarmed."
 " I am, answered Miss Trevor, of
 " Mr. Spatter's opinion, that a man
 " cannot have a worse thing hap-
 " pen to him, than to fall into the
 " hands of the lawyers." " So, say I,
 " Miss Trevor (returned Spatter) so
 " say I." " Be kind enough (says
 " Miss Trevor) to tell us the par-
 " ticulars,

" ticulars, I am anxious to know
 " them !"—" I thought you would (re-
 " turned Spatter)—that made me
 " hurry so fast here; I have not stop-
 " ped at any one place, since I heard
 " it; but to drop a hint of it, at
 " Lady Bab's, and at another house or
 " two in my way."—" That is to say
 " (observed Lady Dashit, aside) to trum-
 " pet it all the town over." Miss
 Trevor (with a well disposed heart
 remarked) that if he was in any
 difficulty, it must have been good-
 nature, that brought him into it;
 but Spatter with that rancour,
 that led him to misconstrue the
 best actions, replied: " What you
 " are pleased to call *good-nature*, I

" call *folly*. His good natured ac-
 " tions arise from ostentation. I would
 " take care of myself, before I thought
 " of others. Self-preservation, is the
 " first law of nature, and he that
 " does not attend to it, deserves
 " no pity."—"If I have not been mis-
 " informed, (said Miss Trevor) you,
 " Mr. Spatter, have experienced the
 " good effects of his attention."—"Aye
 " (added Lady Dashit) and a grateful
 " man, will never forget past services."
 "—Don't apprehend Lady Dashit
 " (retorted Spatter sneeringly) that I
 " am under any obligations to Colonel
 " Ramble. What he has done for
 " me, were mere acts of civility.
 " No, Madam, I have always taken
 " care

"care to avoid being under obliga-
 "tions to a man of *his* stamp."—"Well!
 "(returns Miss Trevor) we will not
 "enter into that. I wish only to
 "know his present situation."—"Un-
 "willing as I am (answered Spatter) to
 "enter into this unhappy affair of
 "Ramble's; for, with all his faults, I
 "have a regard for him; (and I hate
 "gossiping mortally) I cannot *but*
 "obey your commands. You must
 "know then, ladies, that the Colonel
 "was imprudent enough to be secu-
 "rity for Sam Careless, to extricate
 "him from a difficulty. He entered
 "into a bond of 500^l, Sam has left
 "him in the lurch, Ramble is ar-
 "rested on the bond, and an execu-

"tion is sent into his house!—that's
 all." Miss Trevor observed, it was but
 a trifling sum to a man of his for-
 tune.—"Trifling as it is (returns Spat-
 "ter) it has lodged him in a spung-
 "ing-house." Lady Dashit asked him,
 if he meant to call on him there;
 observing, it would be humane in
 his friends to do it now. Spatter
 ter said, he would not see him for
 the world. He had too great a
 regard for him, and it would affect
 him too much. Besides, his time
 was too much taken up.—"I have
 "more than twenty places to call at,
 "this day; could ill spare the time
 "to slip in here, only I was eager
 "to acquaint you with the news;"—
 (and,

(and, as Lady Dashit observed to Emily, aside) "left any other should
"do it before him."

Miss Trevor was quite unhappy at this account, and was determined, if she could contrive it, so as that the Colonel should not know from what quarter his release came, to send the money for his discharge.

When a man falls into the hands of the Lawyers he cannot, generally speaking, surely fall into worse hands. Putting the attornies out of the question, I have often considered, with myself, and endeavoured to
reconcile

reconcile with justice, the profession of a barrister. Does he not plead the cause of equity, and does he not help those out, who cannot or could not plead for themselves? Some, I will admit, do, but some do not. If a barrister would act conscientiously, take up no cause till he has well examined it, and not argue in its defence, unless there is legal, honest ground for so doing, he would be a praise-worthy character; but, when a barrister will take up any cause that is proposed to him, right or wrong, it reverses the case. It is the misfortune that, barristers never see their briefs till they are retained; and, when
once

once retained, if they do not exert themselves in defence of their clients, whether this client be an honest man or a villain, they are censured in their profession, and are sure to lose the favour of the attornies that employ them. Now, he that has the most business at the bar, is, all things considered, a worse man, and a worse member of society, than if he had less eminence; for the more causes a barrister is engaged in, the more injustice he does. The man, who has the happy facility of converting truth into falsehood, of explaining away right, and making the best stand against justice and equity; is sure to have
the

the most briefs. If he knows how to brow-beat an evidence, perplex and puzzle him, so as to make him seemingly contradict himself, and is master of such fallacious arguments as will mislead an uninformed, ignorant jury; he is deemed clever, and reckoned a good orator; (for such, I am sorry to say it, is too much the oratory of the bar,) and business will flow in upon him fast. His distinguished abilities make the attornies in a bad cause, fly to him in preference; and thus, of twenty causes, he is likely to have eighteen bad ones to defend. Now, if he, who father's a lie, and promulgates it, as we have
seen

seen Spatter do, is equally criminal with the fabricator or inventor; he, surely, who takes up a bad cause, is equally criminal with the party who employs him. There may be some plea in favour of a man who espouses such a cause from error of judgment, from false conception, or from ignorance; but there can be none for him who takes pay to plead in behalf of the oppressor, and to the injury of the distressed. Such a one is a mercenary hireling, an assassin, and robber of the unfortunate; and so far from being commendable, like the slanderer we have seen, he deserves execration by all good men; and the
more

so, in proportion, to the abilities he has of perverting judgment, and the power he possesses of doing it. His eminence at the bar is a collateral proof of the baseness of his mind.

It is, under this idea, that in Sweden, and some other countries, a man is obliged to plead his own cause; the profession of a barrister being there held in so odious and contemptible a light, that no gentleman, will take it up; the executioner in Sweden is a far more respectable character. Putting the immorality of the profession out of the question, its civil turpitude, is there

there held too great to be any way countenanced. If a barrister, though retained, would dare to throw down his brief, when he finds his cause a bad one, it would render him an exalted character; and should he, by this mode of conduct, be at the receipt of less money, he would have more reputation, would deserve what he earns, and enjoy it with credit and an unappalling conscience.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

THOUGH Spatter thought proper to desert his friend in distress, it was not so with Rattle, Dangle, and Latitat. Rattle and Dangle, not knowing where to find Ramble, flew to his house, then taken possession of by a sheriff's officer; who, when they entered, was smoaking a pipe with a tankard in his hand, comforting himself with the good birth he had, and saying there was plenty of stout in the cellar, and he hoped the gentleman would not be able to make up his affairs while that lasted. Rattle and Dangle came together, and, on enquiring if
any

any of Colonel Ramble's people were in the way, was answered by this surly fellow, "No." Attempting to go into some of the inward rooms, the officer stopped them with "Hey, hey! Where are you going? I am master of this house, and there's no admittance for you. I am placed here to see that nothing's carried off, and therefore, shan't trust either of you out of my sight." On their saying they wished to see the Colonel, and asking, where he was; this fellow replied, "At the lock-up-house in Chancery Lane, where, I believe, you'll find him any day this week. After this if you want him, you must look for him in the Bench." "The King's

" King's Bench you mean," says Rat-
 tle. " Aye, (returned the officer) the
 " King's Bench, I suppose you know
 " the place; it won't be the first time
 " you have been there, I dare say."
 " Cease your impertinence, friend,
 " (said Dangle) we say nothing to give
 " you offence." " Marry (retorts the
 " fellow) there's no cause to be angry;
 " many an honest gentleman has lodged
 " in that place, and many a one *will*
 " again. When they're overwhelmed
 " with debts, they go there to pay
 " them." " You mean (says Rattle)
 " to retrench their expences?"—" I
 " mean no such thing, (said the of-
 " ficer.) I have known a man live
 " as well there, as in any part of the
 " kingdom,

"kingdom, keep as good a table, and
 "as genteel an equipage; and, in term-
 "time, at liberty to go as far any day
 "as he pleases: and, what's the best
 "of it, all this at the expence of other
 "people."—"True, (replied Dangle)
 "there is some pleasure in that con-
 "sideration; and, (aside to Rattle)
 "What a dry dog it is?" "You say
 "in Chancery Lane?" (says Rattle.)
 "Yes, (replied the fellow) in Chan-
 "cery Lane, hard by the pump, where
 "the lawyers drink in non-term."
 Dangle, observing to Rattle, that
 things wore a strange face to what
 they did a few hours ago; Rattle
 cried, "Pugh! he'll be out again to-
 "morrow; and nothing adds more to
 "a man's

"a man's credit, in the polite world,
 "than to have an execution or two in
 "his house. There's my Lord Squan-
 "der has had eleven at one time; he
 "puts the fellows into livery; they
 "line the passage as his company pass,
 "and cut a very respectable figure.
 "A friend of his observing to him one
 "day, that he had an uncommon suite
 "of servants; his answer was, that he
 "was never without them." It re-
 "quires contrivance only to make dis-
 "grace fashionable. You know how
 "Latitat glories in writs and arrests."
 Scarce had he said these words, but
 Latitat bolts into the room; his coat
 frogged with writs, and a bunch of them
 in his hat, by way of a cockade. He
 passed

passed by Rattle and Dangle, run up to the officer, and shook him by the hand, with "Hah, my friend Sponge, "how goes it?" The officer here was all humility and respect, enquired how his Honour did; asked him to drink, and also to walk into any apartment he pleased. And, why all this? because Jack was in fee with all the sheriff's officers in London. Having paid his respects to this man, he turned to his friends, saying, "You seem to stare "at all this; that's because you are "not up to it. I have such a respect "for sheriff's officers, arrests, and writs, "that you see I am clothed in them." "I make it a rule never to pay a

VOL. II. E

" bill till I am arrested. So you see
 " what a patriot I am, and how
 " much I study the good of my coun-
 " try. Shew me the man, among all
 " your acquaintance, except myself,
 " who will pay two guineas instead of
 " one, in order to increase the reve-
 " nue of the stamps. The easy
 " credit-giving world, don't like
 " much trouble. Was I to pay a
 " bill on being asked to do it, it
 " would not answer my plan. I never
 " discharge an account without being
 " sued. I endeavour to deal with
 " those only who dread the law; but
 " when I am arrested, I pay, and then
 " only; and if, upon such occasions,
 " I pay a little more than I otherwise
 " should,

" should, a second satisfaction hangs
 " to it. With all my smattering for
 " trade, you know I hate keeping
 " accounts, and filing receipts; and
 " when I pay the accommodation-fee,
 " I consider myself safe from being
 " obliged, as many are, to pay the
 " same bill a second time; for a writ
 " and its discharge, is a receipt in
 " court."—" You are, (replied Rattle)
 " my dear Jack, one of the happiest
 " fellows of the age. You extract
 " virtue from necessity, enjoy what
 " would be the disaster of thousands,
 " and scramble on through life, as you
 " call it, without a scratch or a pain."
 "—" It would do your heart good,
 " Rattle, (continued he) to come and

" see my vestibule ; I am now fitting.
 " it up, and, though you will scarce
 " believe it, I buy the hangings of
 " the lawyers."—" Hanging it, (said
 " Dangle) with old parchments I sup-
 " pose?"—" Not quite so bad as that,
 " (retorts he) my hangings are suit-
 " able to the expenditure and figure
 " of a man of 2000*l.* a year. There's
 " not a square inch that costs me less
 " than a guinea ; and by the time I
 " have hung the whole room, it will
 " cost me some thousands. I shall do
 " it, however, at last, my boy, (exult-
 " ing) and then I shall immortalize
 " my name. Every writ I am served
 " with, I tack up against the wall,
 " leaving one end loose, and it gives
 " me

" me rapture, when the window is open,
 " to see them shivering, and hear them
 " rattling in the air: the music is
 " divine. I swing myself round, and
 " enjoy the sight. A descendant of
 " the oldest British family, could not
 " be prouder, in an ancient hall of
 " audience, of the trophies of his pro-
 " genitors.—*Hæc sunt insignia mea!*—
 " These are my banners—the glorious
 " achievements of my ancestry. It
 " would delight you to see how I
 " strut about *in hoc vestibulo meo*. I
 " call it my court of requests, my
 " audience-chamber, where I receive
 " embassy's from the crown. D—mn
 " me, if I believe there is such another
 " room in the three kingdoms. Come,

"Gentlemen, you seem to be idle,
"suppose I go and shew it you?"—

You had better get into Parliament,
" (said Rattle) it would be cheaper
" in the end, though you paid a few
" thousands for your seat."—" Psha,
" man, (returns he) that would frus-
" trate my whole plan, there's not a
" fool that would trust a member of
" parliament, now, with five pounds.
" That time's over—the House of
" Commons is not what it was; there
" are so many mercenary and poverty-
" struck fellows, now get themselves
" elected, that this honourable house
" is losing credit daily."

The reader will indulge me here
with

with a few remarks on the law of arrests. To what do they tend, but to the injury of society? The design of attachment, was merely to prevent the defendant from escaping, whilst the matter against him was under litigation: if he can give security for his appearance, it is all the law requires; if not, he is held in custody, to wait the event. So far it is political; but the cause being ended, an execution following, if the defendant has no property to pay the debt, why confine his person, take him out of society, throw his family upon the parish, and deprive the state of his labours? Does it pay his debts?—No! —The execution might seize his pro-

perty, and if there be not sufficient to discharge the debt and costs, he should be obliged to pay the remainder at some future time, which, by giving him his liberty, he might be able to do. As things are now, the debtor is confined, his credit ruined, his family beggared, he waits for an insolvent act, and his creditor loses his money. The manner in which the law can harrafs a debtor, may frighten some men from running into debt, but it hardens others, and puts them on their invention, as it has done Jack Latitat. But the greatest evil arising from arrests, is the abuse of this law, and the many villains it creates. Many a hundred pettifoggers there are,

who

who have no resource for a maintenance but this. They retain a number of runners, (to whom they give half their fees) to find out litigious men, and rascals, that have fraudulent and fictitious claims upon the property of others, accompanied, perhaps, with a specious claim of forty shillings, but which, under fair discussion, might be disproved. Whether these claimants have any substance or not, provided the defendant has, it is all they want. They undertake to carry on the cause for them, prevail on them to swear to debts not existing; arrest the defendant; not suffer the plaintiff to be met with; run the cause to issue, and the defendant either then proceeds to trial,

or, not knowing what such villains may there swear to, is induced to pay a certain part of it into court, which is accepted, and the cause ends : but with the expence of 20*l.* or more to the defendant ; besides all the disgrace and trouble of the arrest. Nay, there are men that will go farther. Such attornies, in hopes of having the matters compromised, and getting their costs paid, will serve writs and run the risk ; if the defendant is a man of spirit, and determined to go on with it, they will drop the cause at issue ; and should the attorney get nothing from the defendant, he will, if possible, from his client, and the defendant has his own attorney to pay, perhaps, 15 or 20*l.* This might

might be recovered of the plaintiff, if he could be found, or was worth powder and shot, but he is a pauper and not to be met with. Both the attornies however have profited, and the defendant has been the chief sufferer.—To shew how dangerous such men are in society, take the following anecdote.

An attorney seated himself in a country town, where he thought there was a good opening; no attorney having taken possession of the place. He had a small independence of his own, but the people there being of a peaceful disposition, he had little or no business, and his own money not being sufficient to support him, he

told a friend, one day, that he should be under the necessity of removing his situation, for the inhabitants of that town were so d—m—d peaceable, that he could not live amongst them. Being a pleasant fellow, and his friend, unwilling to lose him, he gave him this advice, "Bring some other attorney to settle in the town besides yourself, and my life for it; you'll find your account in it." He took the hint, another of the fraternity was invited there to residence; dissensions were thus raised among the people, and the two attorneys got a very good living.

Was there a law enacted, that every attorney should give some thousand pounds.

pounds security to the public, on his admission, and if he was nonsuited in any cause, be obliged to pay the costs himself; he would take care never to engage but in a good cause, or oblige his client to give him security for those costs, in case he failed in the action. This would prevent a great number of vexatious and litigious suits; and if there were fewer rascally attorneys, there would be more peace and happiness in society.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

MISS Trevor found means to free
Ramble from his confinement.

She found out the officer, and got a friend to carry him the 500*l.* and the expences, without saying where it came from; and my friend was at full liberty, without the satisfaction of knowing who was his liberator. He was exceedingly desirous of finding it out, and took uncommon pains so to do.

No sooner was he at home, than he received the congratulations of his friends, and those of Spatter in particular

cular, who flew to him with seeming rap-
 ture, crying out, " My dear Colonel, I
 " have been all the town over in search
 " of a friend to extricate you from the
 " difficulty your good heart threw you
 " into; and with that view I have told
 " your story to all my acquaintance; but
 " I am happy to find the business is
 " done without me. It was d—m'd
 " shabby of Careless to draw you in
 " to."... " I don't see it in that light,
 " (replied Ramble) poor fellow, he
 " would have paid the money if he
 " could, and as he could not, it was,
 " and is, my wish to do it for him."
 " —Yes, (returned Spatter), but the
 " disgrace of it!" — " Disgrace it can-
 " not be; (said Ramble) A man
 " ought

“ought never to be ashamed of suffering in a good cause. He who fears to encounter a difficulty for a friend, ill deserves to have one.”

If I may be allowed to say any thing in addition to those of my friend Will, upon the occurrences he met with, I will here take the liberty of laying before my reader a character I have met with, too common in life, but being mixed with the world at large, is often lost in the crowd, and not noticed. This is that of a man who purchases a good name from the two lower classes of people, which, indeed, is the mass of men, able to stamp a character with respect or disrespect,

respect ; for they are the greater part of the people, and it is too universally believed that what the world says must be true. If a man but pays his debts, when called on, is free with his money, and puts up with no indignity, he is, in the eye of the present age, a man of honour, and a gentleman. His moral character is seldom enquired into : he may get drunk, keep as many whores as he will, and be the greatest libertine uncensured. Such a man will have much longer credit than others, and tradesmen will be more obedient to his call ; for it is self-interest that leads mankind, and even warps their way of thinking. I knew a gentleman of small fortune, but who had a suffi-

a sufficient income to pay all his tradesmen; he was an economist, and not void of principle. I heard this gentleman, once chide his wife, soon after marriage, for paying a bill unasked. It is time enough (said he) to pay when two or three bills have been sent in. He did not act on the principle of *Latitat*, who, by withholding a debt due, made interest of the money, but acted on the idea that it is right to do as the world does. Nothing, (continued he) is so unfashionable as to call for a tradesman's account. If you make it a rule to do this, you may be called a good pay-master, but you will be vulgar in the extreme. This gentleman did not plead want of cash, but

was

was never at home to his tradesmen; he kept a lying fellow at his door, who, after many years importuning gained them access to his master, only by the presentment of a fee. But yet this gentleman when he *did* pay, never examined the particulars of a bill, let it be of ever so long standing, but referred only to the sum total, and paid like a gentleman. "Your honour will please to observe (says the obsequious tradesman) that I have charged every article at the lowest price, and I hope your goods pleased."—"I am perfectly satisfied, (said the gentleman) and think myself much obliged to you." The money paid, they part, one with seeming gratitude, the

the other with professions of future employ. I was once with him when he paid his taylor a long bill of six years standing, the amount of which was 370*l.* he looked only at the sum total, and on my enquiring when the taylor was gone, whether he never examined into the articles of a bill. "Articles? (retorted he) Z—nds, if I "looked at *them*, I should go mad; for "my taylor is as great a rascal as ever "lived. I would not deal with him, "but he gives me long credit." This credit, if he managed his little fortune well, he would not want, and if he paid his taylor yearly, whilst the articles were in remembrance, he would save 30 per cent; but to be thought fashionable,

ble, he chose to have fashionable credit, and be thought a man of honour. He had lived long enough in the world to know, that a good name is easily acquired by purchase, and therefore he bought that good name. He was liberal to the poor in his neighbourhood, not from a principle of charity, for he gave away indiscriminately. I went with him once to a public house in his village, to ask some questions of the landlord. It was winter, and three or four impudent country fellows were sitting round the fire with their hats on. One of them said to the rest, loud enough to be heard, leering with his eye, and putting out his tongue, " Twig the Squire."

"Squire." This did not disconcert him; he stopped any further disrespect by saying to the landlord it was cold weather, pitied those who were obliged to work abroad for their living, ordered him to make those lads at the fire, a three shilling bowl of good warm punch, and begged they would drink his health. No sooner was the purchase made, than the article respect was immediately delivered. The fellows no sooner heard him give this direction to the landlord, than they jumped from their seats, with "Won't your honour please to come to the fire?" and, on quitting the house he observed to me, "You see how readily a few shillings soften down roughness of
" man-

"ners, and insolence of behaviour,
 "into complaisance and respect."
 Passing a turnpike with me one day,
 in his own parish, he gave the toll-
 gatherer a shilling, with, "I don't re-
 "collect having given you any thing
 "to drink a long time."—"This
 "man, (said I) is one of your tenants,
 "I presume?"—"I scarce know his
 "name, (replied my friend) but I ne-
 "ver forgot to see him. It is no bad
 "thing to have a good name at a
 "turnpike, and especially when a loose
 "shilling will get it. A traveller, who
 "has heard of you, and who, perhaps,
 "has not exercised his tongue for some
 "time on the road, will take an op-
 "portunity of doing it where he can,
 " and

"and fond of enquiries in strange
 "places; may, on passing this gate, ask
 "if Squire such a one does not live
 "somewhere about here. Oh, yes,
 "(returns the man) his honour lives
 "not far off. He is a worthy gentle-
 "man. — And this character is pur-
 "chased: — It is a pity things should
 "be so, but so they are; and the old
 "adage is too often verified, No
 "longer pipe, no longer dance."

"verily
 "thing to have a good name is
 "troublesome and especially when it
 "brings ill will. A traveller who
 "has not exercised his tongue for some
 "time on the road, will take an op-
 "portunity of doing it where he can,
 "and

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

FLINT had been in town a fortnight, and had brought an account that Mr. Raspe and his daughter had left Liverpool the day before him; but, as the Colonel had received no letter from Miss, he concluded they must either have stopped at the house of some friend in the road, or that Miss Raspe had not found an opportunity of giving him notice of it. He had been writing a note to Miss Trevor, to introduce himself on Dangle's business, and he dispatched Flint with it.—The letter was to this effect:

Vol. II,

F

Colonel

* Colonel Ramble's best compli-
 * ments to Miss Trevor, and having
 * something for her private ear, solicits
 * the indulgence of half an hour's con-
 * versation. If agreeable, and she is
 * disengaged, he will do himself the
 * honour of paying his respects to her
 * to-morrow at two.'

Flint, though he had travelled twenty
 miles this morning, was not fatigued,
 or out of spirits; but set off with his
 master's letter with alacrity, and
 brought him word that he had deli-
 vered the letter; but that Miss Trevor
 was not at home.

I can't pass, unnoticed, an accident
 that

that happened to Flint, to shew the danger and villainy of a London mob; I can scarce suppose it the same in any metropolis but in this. Every little, unusual occurrence draws together a crowd of people to enquire into the cause, and the pickpockets take the opportunity to rob the bye-stander of his purse, his watch, his handkerchief, &c. Processions, a fire, a battle between two men or boys, a woman fainting, a drunken man, an accident of any kind is sufficient to call the attention of a London mob, and draw the people together; and the vagabond-thieves are so numerous and destitute as industriously to fight pretended battles, and create incitements to

a mob, that they may have their wished-for opportunities. Careful and cautious people are aware of this, and take pains to avoid a crowd; but the thoughtless and inconsiderate will rush eagerly into one, and become the objects of plunder.—Flint, in his way from Lady Dashit's, got into a hobble, that had nearly ended with much worse consequences than it did. Though he had a good deal of foresight, not being well acquainted with London, he was not up to all the tricks of sharpers and pickpockets. He loved a bustle, and was fond of running into every crowd he met. At Charing-Cross, a drunken fellow with a pipe and tabor, had called together the
idle

idle and the vagabonds, and a pretty smart mob was collected: these are the times when thieves and pickpockets watch their opportunity to disburthen those who are encumbered with any little matters about them.—Flint was the foremost in this mob, and a fictitious battle taking place, he took some pains to inspirit the combatants.—“ Well done Scarlet Jacket, —Mind your eye, Bandylegs—throw your blows in streight and thick—hit him in the bread-basket—keep him at arm’s length.”—Such were the terms of the pugilistic art in which Flint, in intimating to the combatants, was very vociferous. Whilst the corporal was thus engaged,

a baker's boy ran up against his coat; Flint's attention being thus called off, a rascal stepping forward, industriously wiped off the flour from his coat, and whispered in his ear to take care of an ill-looking fellow near him, or he would lose his handkerchief. Endeavouring to save this, the fellow picked his pocket of his tobacco box; another behind him, stole his cap, whilst a third treading down the heel of his shoe, kicked it off, and thus robbed him of his silver buckle. Endeavouring to recover his shoe, he lost his watch, got his head broke, and narrowly escaped being charged with being a pick-pocket himself, being dragged to a horse

horse pond and ducked. He scrambled and fought his way through the mob, as well as he could, and comforted himself, when out of danger, with having delivered his master's letter.—“Arrah, by my conscience, (said he) if these be your London tricks, “Flint will be a match for you another time; he will carry nothing about him, and then you may steal it and welcome.” There was seldom a circumstance that happened to him, but he communicated it to his master, but this story he was afraid to tell, lest he should be laughed at, and called a fool for his pains.

CHAP. XXII.

BUT, we must not omit to relate what passed at Lady Dashit's, when Flint delivered his master's letter.

Bridget had prepared her Lady to receive Tom's first visit, who had procured a suit of cloaths that fitted him well; but, being unused to a sword, it was frequently between his legs, and nearly throwing him down. Tom was shewn up by a servant, who had received Bridget's orders to admit no one into the room, till Sir Thomas Flam was gone. This was a necessary precaution,

precaution, lest he should be accidentally discovered.

Tom was brought in a chair, and, being ushered up into a room, Bridget first gave him the meeting, with "Who'll say, Tom, you do not look like a gentleman now?" turning him round, and admiring him; "you are Sir Thomas Flam all over!"—"Yes," (replies Tom) I think I know how to put cloaths on, when I have any to put on. I have been practising that these seven years. Is the coast clear?"—"Miss Trevor (she said) was just gone out in the chariot, and her Lady was ready to receive him." Tom said his heart failed him in the business;

business; but Bridget encouraged him with, " Psha ! Nonsense !—You have " impudence enough upon some occasions, and when a good fortune's at " stake, it is worth an attempt ; she is " tired of a single life, and will be " easily won. Indeed, the women are " *all* easily won. I know the sex well. " They only want pressing."—" If that " will do, (returned Tom) faith she " shall have enough of it." Bridget then left him, to acquaint her Lady of his being there ; and Tom, in the meanwhile, examining himself in the glass, observed that the coat fitted him to a tee.

Lady Dashit soon entered the room,
and

and affected to appear confused. Bridget was peeping behind, and Tom bowing affectedly, Lady Dashit first broke the silence, with, "Your name, " Sir, I understand, is Sir Thomas " Flam?" — "Sir Thomas Flam, at " your Ladyship's service;" replied Tom. Lady Dashit could not help noticing to herself, that he was a very gentleman-like man, and begged him to be seated. Tom began: "Though, " Madam, I may be a stranger to your " Ladyship, you are not so to me. I " have admired you frequently, and " ardently wished for an opportunity of " telling you so." To which Lady Dashit replied, with a good deal of confusion, "I scarce know how, Sir Thomas, to " consider

“ consider this, otherwise than as a
 “ compliment, when there must be, no
 “ doubt, a number of young ladies, in
 “ the circle of your acquaintance, that
 “ must be noticed by you.”—“ True,
 “ Madam, (said Tom) there are ; but
 “ I hate your young ladies, boarding-
 “ school misses, and novel-reading
 “ girls ! When a man looks for a
 “ wife, he wishes to meet with a wo-
 “ man of sense and discretion ; a lady,
 “ like yourself, who, to elegance of
 “ person, and a sufficient share of
 “ beauty, is blest with an understand-
 “ ing, to make any man happy.” Dur-
 ing this studied speech, he threw his
 legs and arms about, in an affected
 way, as if in raptures with his own
 eloquence ;

eloquence; and Bridget behind, seemed not a little pleased with his words and manner, wondering where he learnt them. Lady Dashit was captivated, and affecting a bashful confusion, replied, "Your compliments, Sir, quite confuse me. Pray, Sir Thomas, are you acquainted with the Vavasors of Yorkshire? I hear your estate lies in that county. During all this time, Bridget industriously came backwards and forwards, under a pretence of adjusting the room. Tom, rather hesitating, cried, "Oh! yes, Madam."—"Has the old gentlemen (said Lady Dashit) got rid of his lameness?" Tom, not being prepared for this, and at a loss, could only

only say, "Madam?" Lady Dashit went on: "His sciatica has been a troublesome companion to him." Tom, not knowing the meaning of the word, and, supposing it be his wife, replied, "I have not the honour of knowing the lady."—"What lady?" retorts Lady Dashit. Tom answered, "Mrs. Sciatica."—"Mrs. Sciatica!" explains Lady Dashit, with surprize; "—Sciatica, Sir, is the hip-gout, with which Sir Walter has been long afflicted." Tom, recovering himself, with an affected smile, replies, "I thoroughly understand what your Ladyship means by sciatica: it is, I say, an attendant, which, blest my stars, I never had the honor of being acquainted

" acquainted with ;" rejoicing that he
 had brought himself off so well.
 Lady Dashit did not rightly enter into
 this, and said, with a kind of sarcastic
 sneer, " I don't apprehend, Sir Thomas,
 " you are acquainted with any of the
 " family." Tom said, " Not I, in-
 " deed." — " Then, why, (returned
 " Lady Dashit) did you say you was ?"
 " — Pardon me, Madam, (answered
 " Tom) I understood your Ladyship
 " asked me whether my estate lay in
 " Yorkshire ; it was to this I answered
 " Yes." — " I must entreat your excuse
 " then, Sir Thomas, (says Lady Dashit) ;
 " in what part of Yorkshire does it
 " lie ?" Tom, no less confused, and at
 a greater loss, than before, cries again,
 " Ma'am ?"

"Ma'am?"—"Near what town, (con-
 tinued Lady Dashit) for I am well
 acquainted with all the ridings!"
 "The devil ride her," said Tom, to
 himself, turning his head, and whis-
 pering to Bridget, unobserved by her
 mistress, "Where does this estate of
 mine lie?"—"Any where near
 Thirsk?" continues Lady Dashit.
 Bridget, at a loss, whispers to Tom,
 "Say, not a great way from York."—
 "A little off one side York," (says
 Tom to Lady Dashit.) "Thirsk,
 (replied she) is not many miles from
 the city." Tom, still embarrassed,
 stammers out, "True, Ma'am; true,
 Ma'am; but my lands are on the
 opposite side of the city, where I
 shall

" shall be proud of conducting Lady
 " Dashit, and putting her in possession
 " of them. Do, my dear Madam, let
 " me hope I may, ere long, have the
 " happiness to call you mine." Bridget,
 fidgeting about the room, and not lik-
 ing this dull conversation, contrived
 to draw near, and whisper him in his
 ear, " Why don't you kneel at her feet,
 " and kiss her hand?" It may appear
 a little extraordinary, that, upon such
 an interview, Lady Dashit should
 not be more particular, with respect to
 her maid's being present; but, when it
 is considered, that her maid was her
 confidante, of course in the secret, and
 had been the means of introducing Sir
 Thomas there, and when we consider
 that

that Lady Dashit had a blind side, and wore a glass eye, and Bridget kept on that side of her, it is not to be wondered at. Lady Dashit did not notice Bridget, being attentive only to her own interest. "I presume, (said she) "Sir Thomas, you know what fortune "I am possessed of?" (*That I do,* said he to himself; but, addressing himself to her Ladyship) "Fortune, "Madam, is not the question. He, "would ill deserve your Ladyship, "who thought of your fortune. I have "a very ample one, which I shall be "proud to share with you. Your "dear self is the object of my adoration. Suffer me to throw myself at "your feet; and say, could I once "have

" have the honour of calling you Lady
 " Flam, I should be the happiest of
 " men." Upon this he threw himself
 upon his knee, seized her hand with
 ardour, pressed it to his lips, and kissed
 it with fervour. Lady Dashit now af-
 fected a girlish confusion, rose from
 her seat, begged him to rise, uttering
 with difficulty, " To say, Sir, I am
 " not flattered with your liberality of
 " sentiment, would be telling an un-
 " truth. I am, and shall be, glad to
 " see you again at your leisure ; at
 " which time I may be more explicit."
 " Give me leave, (said Tom, in rap-
 " tures) to kiss your hand ;" and
 whilst so doing, Flint hurried into the
 room, and discovering Tom, though
 " in

in a new character, was struck motionless with surprise. Let us dwell a little on the mortification of this scene. In the very moment that Bridget and Tom were conceiving themselves in their coaches, that this fellow should blunder in, and break down all their chimeras. He instantly saw through the scheme laid for Lady Dashit; spoke not a word, but, with a look of honest indignation, told Tom *'twas at an end.*

We must break off here, to say how Flint obtained admission.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIII.

R AMBLE had directed Flint, if possible, to deliver his letter into Miss Trevor's hands; which he might do, by asking for her maid. For he was apprehensive, from what he had heard of Lady Dasbit, if it fell in her way, Miss Trevor might not receive it. To this end, Flint having knocked at the door, asked for Mrs. Bridget; "What do you want with her?" said the porter, who opened it, "What do I want with her? (returned Flint) to be sure I don't want her.—I have a little bit of a letter
" here

"here for her lady."—"Some peti-
 "tion, I suppose, or begging letter;"
 said the porter; (for the ladies were
 very charitably disposed) "we have
 "been pestered with too many of *them*
 "to-day already."—"Petition! (cries
 "Flint, raising his voice) What, does
 "the rascal take me for a pauper?—
 "Look in my cap, you teef, (point-
 "ing to his cockade) and you'll see I
 "carry the badge of a jontleman."
 "Jontleman!" returns the servant,
 imitating Flint's brogue, "a pretty
 "sort of a gentleman-like badge
 "truly. Now the war's over, we shall
 "be over-run with such sorry kind of
 "gentlemen. Every idle vagabond,
 "who has neither house nor habita-
 "tion,

"tion, trade nor profession, calls him-
 "self a gentleman. Go, set off,—you'll
 "get nothing here." Flint's pride
 was now roused, and he roared out,
 "Hear me, fellow;—a cockade now is
 "the highest badge of distinction.
 "What would my little country have
 "been but for those who wore cock-
 "ades? I am a soldier, and a soldier
 "is a gentleman all the world over.
 "And what is more, you poltroon, I
 "bear about me the honourable marks
 "of war; and am therefore not to be
 "talked to by such a snaking insigni-
 "fificant ting as you. I wish I had
 "you at Trincomalee." And at this
 he shook his cudgel over the fellow's
 head. "Shew me to your Lady im-
 "mediately,

"mediately, (repeated Flint) or, by
 "St. Patrick, I will, with this little
 "shillela, give you such a bating as
 "you'll feel for these seven years,
 "though you were to die to-morrow."

This *argumentum baculinum*, or fear of
 drubbing, gained him a direction into
 what room up stairs to go ; which ac-
 counts for his abrupt introduction into
 Lady Dashit's apartment.

The instant Bridget saw Flint, she
 ran up to him, and took him out of
 the room ; and Tom took that oppor-
 tunity of taking his leave ; but with a
 further invitation to wait on Lady
 Dashit again. Bridget no sooner got
 him out of the room, than she scolded

" him

him for coming up stairs, and asked what he wanted? "What do I want, "Maistrefs? (returned he) why, I "want the young lady of the house; I "have a letter for her."—"Then you "should have sent it up," said Bridget. "Sent it, honey? (replied Flint) Why, "I might have done that, and saved "myself the trouble of bringing it.— "I can carry it back again, and send "it now, if that be all."—"No, no, "fool, (says Bridget) now you *have* "brought it, you may give it to me. "Miss Trevor is not at home, when "she returns, I will give it her. So "you may go," taking him by the shoulder, and putting him out. "Well, (returns Flint) don't shove

" me. I think I know that jontleman
 " in the next room: give me leave to
 " speak to him. Though he's as fine
 " as a jay, and looks like a flagstaff
 " on the king's birth-day, I have seen
 " him in a coarser garb." — " Hold
 " your silly tongue. (replied Bridget)
 " You know him? How should *you*
 " know him? That's Sir Thomas
 " Flam, a gentleman that's going to
 " be married to my old Lady;---but
 " this is a secret." — " Sir Thomas
 " Flam!" exclaims Flint, sneering; and
 in going out, but not so loud as to be
 heard, " A pretty Flam, upon my con-
 " science! Good luck go with you,
 " honey!---Well, deliver the letter to
 " Miss Trevor. You may tell her, its
 " from

“from my Maister, Colonel Ramble,
“and that little Flint brought it.”

When Tom had taken his leave, and Flint was gone, Lady Dashit rung for her maid, enquired who Flint was, and how he came to be admitted; for which the Porter got a good scolding, not only from his Lady, but from Bridget. “Well, my Lady, (says the “latter) how does your Ladyship like “Sir Thomas? Is he not a very elegant, fine spoken gentleman? He “told me, on going out, that he was “all in raptures with your Ladyship.”

Lady Dashit observing to her that he was a good deal at a loss about the situation of his country seat, “I should

“ have been surprised if he had not,
 “ (says Bridget). Every lover is con-
 “ fused at the first interview with his
 “ Mistress. I could see, my Lady,
 “ that you *yourself* was confused.”
 “ Very much so indeed ! (returned
 “ Lady Dashit.) It will not be impro-
 “ per, however, to make some further
 “ enquiries about him. I think, I’ll
 “ ask Mr. Spatter ; he knows every
 “ body.” Bridget, convinced that
 Spatter would say he knew him, from
 a foolish pride he took in being ac-
 quainted with every titled man, urged
 her Lady to it much ; and, lest she
 should apply to any other, proposed
 sending to Mr. Spatter, and begging
 him to call the first time he came that
 way.

way. Lady Dashit enjoined her maid to secrecy ; but she was too much *interested* in the affair, as she said to herself, not to be as secret as possible.

CHAP. XXIII.

MISS Trevor having sent Ramble an answer, upon her return home, that she should be happy to see him ; he waited on her the next morning, and was no sooner announced, than Miss Trevor told her maid, that Colonel Ramble waited on her, at his own request, begging her private ear for

half an hour, on business of moment.

“ Most assuredly, Miss, (said Bridget)

“ will my words come to pass. He

“ is as much in love with you as you

“ *can* be with him. Mr. Spatter told

“ me so. You are certainly born for

“ each other.” Miss Trevor could not

but confess that she was partial to

him, but feared he was too unsettled

to think of a wife, till he had nearly

outrun his fortune. “ Then make

“ yourself easy, (returned Bridget, pert-

“ ly) for that’s pretty well the case

“ already : at least the world says so.”

This was too much ; Miss Trevor was

nettled. “ Don’t be impertinent ; (said

“ she) you take more liberties than

“ become you. If *I* think proper to

“ speak

"speak freely of him, I won't have
 "you do it. Go, shew the Colonel
 "up." "Marry come up!" says
 Bridget, muttering to herself, as she
 left the room; "there's more fuss
 "about sweethearts in this house than
 "in the whole parish besides."—"I
 "beg your pardon, Miss Trevor, (said
 "the Colonel, on entering the room,)
 "for this intrusion; but I was desirous
 "of seeing you on a matter of some
 "importance." Chairs being brought,
 and Bridget having left the room,
 Ramble went on: "I hope what I
 "have to communicate will attract
 "your attention; but, should it not
 "meet your approbation, trust it will
 "be good-naturedly forgiven." Miss
 Trevor,

Trevor, with some confusion, said she was persuaded he could offer nothing but what she should be happy to attend to. Though the Colonel was far from wanting words, and could have addressed any woman for himself, yet he found himself embarrassed when pleading the cause of his friend; fearing it might not be well received, and be deemed impertinence. "You are very good, (said he) and polite, Miss Trevor, and I am proud of the occasion. The subject I am to introduce to you is of so serious a nature, that I request you will not give a hasty opinion of it." Miss Trevor was all confusion, and could not help noticing the Colonel's embarrassment, who

who now felt, for the first time, an awkwardness in a love-affair, that he never experienced before. Whether it was from having had an intimation of Miss Trevor's partiality for him; or whether it arose from his partiality for her, which seemed to increase at this tete-a-tete, is immaterial, but so it was; he found it difficult, yet went on. "Your charms and good conduct, my dear Miss Trevor, as is natural to suppose, have made an impression, where I can take upon me say, no time can erase." "The impression, Colonel, you are pleased to talk of, (returned Miss Trevor,) must arise, not from any deserts of mine, but from a too partial opinion entertained

“entertained of me.” “Every one,
“ (replied Ramble) must entertain a
“ partial opinion of Miss Trevor.
“ Those who have seen her once, must
“ wish to see her again; and those
“ whom she is pleased to honour with
“ her notice, must stand in raptures
“ at her virtues.”

Miss Trevor, bowing to the compliment, but with a smile that would have won the heart of an anchorite, observed, that she was at a loss to determine which was most inexcusable, unpalatable truths or agreeable insincerities? Ramble, who was now more in love with her than ever, but was tied up by honour and friendship to
mother

smother the passion, found himself ex-
 ceedingly awkward. " Call me not
 " insincere, (said he) I am a plain
 " dealer, and you must excuse my
 " frankness. The amiable qualities
 " you possess, the goodness of your
 " heart, my dear Miss Trevor, and the
 " sweetness of your disposition, entitle
 " you to the admiration of every
 " man ; and, permit me to say,
 " they have made a conquest of a
 " heart, that I should hope you will
 " have some compassion for." " You
 " have a happy way, Colonel, (return-
 " ed she) of ingratiating yourself with
 " the women, and I have little doubt
 " but that she who can attract *your*
 " attention, must be proud of the
 " conquest."

“ conquest.” By these words Ramble perceived himself not understood, and was, therefore, determined to cut the matter short, lest he should lose his own heart; for though he was attached to Miss Raspe, and she was a girl whom any man might love, yet she had not the understanding nor the independence of Miss Trevor. His acquaintance with Miss Raspe was of short duration, and it was now some time since he saw her; but Ramble was a man of strict honour, and, having made proposals of marriage to her, would never think of flying from them. These were his inward thoughts, whilst addressing Miss Trevor. Determined, therefore, to bring the matter

ter

ter to an issue, he told her, he would not trespass longer upon her patience, but take the liberty at once to solicit her hand and heart in favour of one who adored her, and could not live without her. " My heart, (replied " she) is too poor an object to make " much parade of ; it is a trifling, silly " thing, that scarce knows its own in- " terests ; and, I fear, of too little " consequence to be worth any one's " notice." " It is, I am convinced, " (answered Ramble) a heart that " every sensible man would be am- " bitious of obtaining ; and, I honestly " declare to you, that I never thought " my friend Dangle a man of under- " standing till now." Miss Trevor,
till

till this instant, was not undeceived in her hopes but that the Colonel was addressing her for himself; and, of course, testified her surprise at the name of Dangle. Ramble proceeded:

“ My dear Miss Trevor, Dangle has
 “ long loved you, and often wished to
 “ declare it, but a cursed *mauvaise*
 “ *bonte*, which he cannot get the bet-
 “ ter of, has prevented his saying what
 “ he has requested me to say for him.
 “ Will you give me leave to tell him
 “ that you will receive his address-
 “ ses? Believe me, you cannot coun-
 “ tenance a more honest fellow, nor
 “ one that will make a better hus-
 “ band.” Miss Trevor, now betray-
 ing more surprise, and some marks of
 displeasure,

displeasure, said, " So, Sir, it is Mr.
 " *Dangle's* cause that you have been
 " pleading all this time?" " Even
 " so, Madam, (answered he) the cause
 " of friendship and of love." " Then,
 " (said she) I must be under the ne-
 " cessity of telling you, that you have
 " been fruitlessly employed. I am not
 " insensible of the honour Mr. *Dangle*
 " does me; but my heart has *unfortu-*
 " *nately* been long engaged to another.
 " (here she sighed) Mr. *Dangle* is a
 " gentleman I shall ever respect as a
 " *friend*, but the last man in the world
 " I could bring myself to think of as
 " a *husband*." " But are you serious
 " in this?" returned *Ramble*.—"Quite
 " serious," said she.—*Ramble* added,
 he

he hoped he had not displeased her by the part he had taken. "I should
 "have been much better pleased, (re-
 "plied Miss Trevor) had you taken
 "up less of my time upon the occa-
 "sion." With this she got up, and
 rung the bell. Ramble, seeing he had
 [given offence, and, unhappy at the
 circumstance, said, taking her by the
 hand, "Come, Miss Trevor, it was
 "an act of friendship;—you must for-
 "give me, and if ever I undertake
 "such another jobb, the devil fetch
 "me."

"It might, (said she) be an act of
 "friendship to *him*, but it surely could
 "be none to *me*; however, Sir, on
 "condition

“ condition that you never mention him
 “ again, I shall think no more of it.”

Bridget now entered the room; she asked if every thing was ready for her above ; and being answered in the affirmative, looked at her watch, apologized to the Colonel for leaving him so abruptly, fear'd she should not be dressed in time, ordered her servant to wait on him down, and left him, with a heart wretched at the disappointment. Ramble felt himself much hurt at this ;—his good-nature, and readiness to oblige his friend, had caused him to offend a lady he really respected ; and various were the suggestions that immediately struck him. He could not but dwell on the charms
 of

of Miss Trevor, and lament *that* ill luck which engaged him to plead a cause, in which he was become so entangled.

C H A P. XXIV.

RAMBLE, as I have observed, found himself much embarrassed in the affair with Miss Trevor. Indeed his sentiments differed so widely from the generality of young men, as to be susceptible of many inquietudes they never know. He spent some hours, one morning, in his study, contemplating this

this business; and thus it was he reasoned with himself: "What is it, (said he) that so disturbs me? I undertook to plead for my friend, in behalf of his affection for Miss Trevor.—When I found my own heart interested, did I betray my friend?—No,—but as warmly urged his suit, as if it had been my own.—Would she hear me?—No,—but took offence; and would only forgive it on condition that the subject never was renewed; with a positive declaration, that she never would admit Dangle's suit.—Was I not then at liberty to have pleaded for myself?—Yes; and thousands would have done it, had they felt, like me, the powerful influence of her charms.—How unfortunate,

tunate, that he should have applied to
 me, who am now, perhaps, much more
 her slave than ever he was!—Her
 manner, I think, was singular:—She
 appeared sensibly touched with my
 discourse.—What did she mean by
unfortunately engaged?—To whom
 could that be?—But, what am I
 about? (throwing himself upon his
 sofa) Do I already forget the promises
 I made Miss Raspe?—Unlucky, cruel
 hour, that linked me to this chain of
 trouble!—In which am I most justi-
 fiable?—Is that man a man of honour,
 who shall rob a parent of his child?—
 Will my faith to Miss Raspe compen-
 sate for the injury done to her father,
 who builds all his hopes on marrying
 her

her to a nobleman?—Will not this injustice to *him*, cast a shade upon *my* honour?—Miss Raspe may have, and may yet meet, many a better offer; avoid offending her parent, and prevent my doing him an injustice.—Miss Trevor is independant; and, with a good fortune, enjoys the disposal, not only of that, but of her person;—and, was I to marry her, I should have no feelings to wound,—no remorse to sting me.—What, not the reproaches of a friend?—Have *these* no poignancy?—They have.—Miss Trevor will not hear him; of course, treachery it cannot be.—But, have I once dwelt on that, which reflects dishonour, more than all the rest?—Have I considered the pains
I took

I took to win a heart, I now seem so willing to resign?---Was I happy till I had made Miss Raspe confess her attachment to me?---What a monster, an ingrate, must I then be, to forget myself, and the vows I made her?"---

At this instant Spatter stole into the room, with "What, asleep, Ramble, "in the middle of the day, or musing?"---Ramble, too absorbed in thought to observe him, rose from the sofa, and went on:---"How these reflections wound me!---What pity is due to those who feel as I do!---Many a man there is, who would glory in such difficulties.---Such men may suffer less; but such men I despise.---
Shall

"Shall I, then, act in such a manner, as..." He was proceeding in this strain as Spatter approached him, but still lost in thought, and turning, as he uttered the last word, unthinkingly, round, his face met Spatters; who, crying "No," aloud, as answering to his question, startled him, and put an end to his reveries. "Where did you hide yourself?" said he to Spatter. "I have been here this half hour, (replied he) and have heard your whole soliloquy."

"I am sorry for it, (said Ramble).---
 "You then can, perhaps, advise me?"
 "Not I, believe me. (said he) I have
 "heard a great deal, but could make
 "little

" little out." " Know then, (conti-
 " nued Ramble) I have been pleading
 " Dangle's cause with a fine girl, and
 " am fallen desperately in love with
 " her myself. Though she has abso-
 " lutely rejected his suit, my refined
 " notions of honour forbid me to make
 " any advances for myself." Spatter
 asked who the girl was; and on Ram-
 ble's saying he was not at liberty to
 name her, added, " Let her be who
 " she will, you may be very easy
 " on that score; for Dangle's too fa-
 " shionable a lover to think of a wife.
 " Had you obtained the girl's consent,
 " he would have been much more em-
 " barrased and chagrined than he will
 " now, on being made acquainted with
 " her

"her refusal." This surprised Ramble,
 and he begged Spatter would be more
 explicit. "His vanity (he continued)
 "is insupportable. In the course of
 "his life he has not courted less than
 "fifty women; whom, as soon as he
 "discovered that he was likely to suc-
 "ceed with, he has absolutely jilted.
 "Was you to tell him that his appli-
 "cation has been unattended to, he
 "would be eager to renew it; but, tell
 "him he may have her, and she may
 "be mine, or your's, or any man's."
 "You certainly cannot be serious;"
 replied Ramble. "Only try the ex-
 "periment," said Spatter. Ramble
 said it would be telling an untruth,
 which he never could do.—"Not to

"yourself?" replied Spatter. "No,
 "not to serve a *friend*, (returned Ram-
 "ble) whom I would serve *before* my-
 "self."---"Tell me (said Spatter) the
 "girl's name, and I'll undertake it for
 "you:---Miss Seabright? Lady Bab
 "Squeamish? Miss Gadabout?
 "Miss Trevor? Miss---" "It is in
 "vain (said Ramble) to persist; was
 "you to name the whole town, it
 "would not do."---"What will you
 "say now (adds Spatter) if I tell the
 "untruth for you, and bring Dangle
 "to relinquish her?"---"Say? (re-
 "turns Ramble, laughing) say you can
 "gulp down a lie better than I can."
 "You don't deserve my good offices,
 "(replied Spatter) but, as I shall have
 "a laugh

" laugh at Dangle's expence, I'll set
 " about it." No sooner were the words
 uttered, than Dangle entered the
 room : Spatter runs up to him, with
 " I was flying to you, Dangle with joy-
 " ful tidings. Some girl, Ramble
 " says, to whom he has been speaking
 " in your favour, consents to make you
 " happy ; you have only to buy a license
 " and fix the day."—" I hope (says
 " Dangle to Ramble) you have not
 " betrayed me?"—" Not I, upon my
 " honour, (returned he) Spatter has
 " tried all he could, to learn her name,
 " but he is still in the dark."—" That's
 " true enough, (cried Spatter) ban-
 " tering him, for I would give all the
 " world to know ; that I might have

" the happiness of paying my respects
 " to Mrs. Dangle, that is to be."
 Dangle already repented matters had
 gone so far, and began considering
 how he should get off with Ramble;
 for after all, " he'd be curs'd (he said)
 " if he could tune his mind to matri-
 " mony. And asked Ramble, whe-
 " ther Spatter was not jesting?"—
 " You must have a bad opinion of my
 " oratory, (replied he) if you doubt
 " its success."—" To be plain with
 " you, Ramble, (returned Dangle,
 " somewhat embarrassed) I could not
 " conceive you would have been so
 " expeditious, and the design of this
 " visit was to request you to defer the
 " matter till I had reconsidered it."

Spatter,

Spatter, with a kind of triumph, whispered Ramble, "Am I right now or not?" Ramble addressed himself to Dangle with some warmth, and exclaimed, "reconsidered it!—Hearkee, Dangle;—when you wish to trifle with a lady again, I beg you will not make me your instrument. I hope I shall never meet you at that house any more."—"Nay, (retorted Dangle) if you are so warm upon the occasion, I must tell you, that until you are master of that house, or till the ladies refuse to see me, I shall go there when I please;—I see no reason, Colonel Ramble, for this anger."—"I don't wish to prevent your going there, (said Ramble) all

" I hope is, that I may never meet you
 " there ; as I should not only blush
 " for myself, but for *you*. I am not
 " unacquainted, Dangle, with your
 " ridiculous vanity, and that this
 " circumstance may not add to your
 " trophies, be assured, Sir, that the
 " lady, peremptorily refused to listen
 " to any thing I had to say respecting
 " you. You once upon a time told
 " me, you would not suffer her cha-
 " racter to be trifled with, this is
 " trifling with it with a vengeance."
 Dangle asked him warmly, whether
 he meant to insinuate any thing to his
 disadvantage ? " Most certainly, (re-
 " turned Ramble) I do, and must ac-
 " quaint you, before your friend Spat-
 ter,

"ter, that your behaviour in this mat-
 "ter, has been what I did not expect ;
 "it was ungenerous in you to employ
 "me before you knew your own
 "mind. Nay, Gentlemen (inter-
 rupted Spatter, addressing himself first
 to one and then to the other,? " Co-
 "lonel Ramble, Mr. Dangle,—this is
 "making a laughable matter too se-
 "rious."—"It is no laughable matter,
 "(resumed the Colonel;) I mean to
 "take it up very seriously."—"Then,
 "if it offends you, (said Dangle) you
 "know your remedy ; I shall be at
 "home the whole of the day, and
 "wait your commands," And upon
 this left them. "Upon my soul,
 "Ramble, (said Spatter) I am sorry

" for this, you have carried this affair
 " so far, that I fear you cannot refrain
 " from calling him out."—" He may
 " thank *you* for it, (returned he) for
 " had you not laid open his folly to me,
 " all would have been well. I should
 " have acquainted him with the result
 " of my embassy, and things would
 " have rested there."—" Nay, (said
 " Spatter) I did it to put you at ease;
 " I hope, however, matters may yet be
 " honourably adjusted, without com-
 " ing to extremities."—" Your ideas
 " of honour, and mine, Spatter, (said
 " he) seem to be widely different; I
 " have had the satisfaction of telling
 " him openly my sentiments of his
 " conduct, and if they anger him, he
 " may

" may have recourse to whatever mea-
 " sure he pleases ; I shall not call
 " further upon *him* ; if he calls upon
 " *me*, it will not meet my attention ;
 " if he attacks me, I trust I shall have
 " spirit enough to defend myself. I
 " have done it in my life more than
 " once. But I am proud to say, I
 " should be afraid to seek the life of
 " another, nor would I, but in a case of
 " absolute necessity, rush myself into
 " the presence of my Maker, from the
 " consequence of an act that admits of
 " no repentance, and leave my sur-
 " vivor only the bitterest remorse."—
 " Well, upon the whole (said Spatter)
 " I don't know but your philosophy
 " may be right ; when he cools, he'll

" be ashamed of his behaviour, and I'll
 " take care to let his friends know that
 " his proposal has been rejected ; don't
 " I merit now your confidence for
 " this? Come, tell me her name, it
 " shall go no further, upon my soul it
 " shan't." — " No, (said Ramble) that
 " would be so like taking revenge ; be-
 " sides, as I know you hate to be bur-
 " thened with secrets, I will not trou-
 " ble you with this."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

RAMBLE finding a want of money, and learning that he was indebted to Miss Trevor for his release, thought it necessary to apply to some person capable of accommodating him with the loan of 1000l. He was recommended to Grumble, the attorney, as a man in the habit of accommodating gentlemen with money. He went to this man's house, and found him seated in an easy chair, with his leg wrapped up, and rested on a stool as having the gout. Ramble acquainted him with his business, and produced a mortgage-deed of an estate.

of 500l. a year, on which his father had lent a neighbour 2000l. Grumble looking on the parchment, said, " he deemed it sufficient, and was happy in " an opportunity of letting *him* have the " money immediately ; as a friend of " his, a merchant of Liverpool, whose " business he did in the money-way, " was just arrived with a parcel, and " had been with him to enquire whether he could dispose of any of it to " advantage, and on his telling him he " could, was gone to fetch it. He is a " man (continued Grumble) that I do " a great deal of business for, and loving " his money as his life, would not employ me, if he did not think himself " safe in my hands ; I have, in my time " done

" done many a score thousand for him;
 " he is one of the richest men in Li-
 " verpool. Indeed I wonder he prof-
 " pers so well, considering the traffic
 " he is engaged in, that of bartering
 " for human flesh."---" I think (said
 " Ramble) I know the man."---
 " Not unlikely (returned Grumble)
 " his name is Raspe."---" Has not he
 " an only child, a daughter?"---" He
 " has, and she is in town with him.
 " As I find you know something of
 " him, I can bring you together. I
 " expect his return every minute."
 Ramble begged to be excused from
 this, saying, " Though he knows my
 " family, I think it would be better not
 " to mention my name, lest he should
 " start

“start some objections; for he is a very
 “whimsical man.”---“Well, well,
 “(said Grumble) there is no occasion
 “to mention names, for he always
 “rests satisfied with me.” Scarce were
 these words uttered; when Grumble’s
 clerk entered the room and said, Mr.
 Raspe was without and a young lady
 with him. Ramble begged leave to
 retire into the next room. He no
 sooner had retired, than Mr. Raspe
 and his daughter entered. “Nothing
 “but gout here, (said Raspe) perhaps
 “it is catching. I am afraid to come
 “in. I suppose your clerk’s got the
 “gout too; he was so long delivering
 “the message;---he kept me half an
 “hour waiting, and was at last forced

“to

"to come in without introduction."

"— I can't get up, (said Grumble)

"you must excuse me."—"Old sins,

"Master Grumble (returned Raspe) old

"sins,---(gout follows close.)---I have

"brought the money, dispatch me as

"soon as possible; I have but little

"time to spare."—"I presume (said

"Grumble) that young lady is your

"daughter."—"Yes, (answered

"Raspe) she is my daughter; I al-

"ways take her with me; good for-

"tunes are soon run away with; I

"therefore never lose sight of her."

Grumble begged them to be seated,

but no chairs being in the room, ex-

cept the one he sat in, nothing but two

high desk-stools, Raspe, who was a short

man

man said, " he could not reach the
 " stool.". Grumble requested Miss
 to ring the bell, saying, " his clerk
 " should fetch one out of the next
 " room."---"No, no, (returned Raspe)
 " he'll be a long time about it," and
 turning to his daughter, bad her fetch
 one. Miss Raspe going into the next
 room to fetch a chair, discovered Ram-
 ble. She flew into his arms with joy and
 surprise, and meeting him where she so
 little expected it, almost overcome her.
 She had not time then to speak to him,
 but took a chair and said she would
 contrive to return. Upon her entering
 the room where her father was, she
 found him and his attorney engaged in
 business. Miss Raspe interrupted
 them

them, by observing to Mr. Grumble, what a fine collection of pictures he had, and with his leave, whilst they were adjusting their business, she would go and look at them. "Aye, aye, (said Raspe) Charlotte loves "paintings; her father hates them." Miss Raspe went into the next room again, fastening the door after her. She now told the Colonel, "that they "had been in London more than a "week, that she had unfortunately lost "the directions he had given her, and was "quite unhappy on the account of it; "and considered this accidental meeting as an act of Providence. She acquainted Ramble, that it would be still some weeks before they should set off

off for Paris; that they were at her uncle's, Sir Raby Raspe's, and should there continue whilst in London; got a direction where to convey a letter to the Colonel, and assured him she would contrive some method of seeing him in a day or two, and would let him know it by a line, and was sorry the time supposed for looking over a few pictures would not admit of her saying more to him at present. Her father, in the next room, upon Grumble's assuring him his daughter was a fine girl, and that he could not be too careful of her, told him he had sent her to Scotland to be out of the way of the men; that he went a month since to fetch her, and found a damned red-coated fellow

under

under the same roof, a man whom they called Colonel Ramble, that he brought her away just in the nick of time, that a day longer would have lost her, that he left her fellow behind, that, thank Heaven, he had nothing to fear now; as he was going to take her abroad, and would not see her again in a hurry. Grumble, who was convinced now that the red-coated fellow alluded to, could only be Colonel Ramble in the next room, seemed to enjoy the thought of the young couple meeting so opportunely. He had, in his days been of an intriguing disposition himself, was mortified to find that age and infirmity put a stop to his career. He therefore prolonged the conversation

as

as much as he could, to give the Colonel more time to spend with Miss Raspe. Grumble observed that it was not a bad plan to take a pretty girl with a good fortune, out of the way of danger. "Well, (said Raspe) I must "be gone," and halloed out for his daughter. Grumble would gladly have detained him a little longer, by telling him he had an immediate opportunity for placing out a roocl. of his money on very good security, but Raspe was impatient to be gone, desiring him to acquaint him by letter with what he had done. Miss Raspe now re-entered the room, smiling, and told her papa, he would have been delighted if he had seen what she had in the next room.

room. Such figures, says she, such attitudes!---Grumble said there was one original worth half the best pictures of the age, and I perceive Miss Raspe has made no difficulty of distinguishing it."---"Original, or no original, (returns Raspe) I would not cross the threshold to see thousands of them. Come Charlotte, let's be gone."---"I must, papa, take another peep, and then." On this she opened the door, bid the Colonel adieu with a speaking eye, and then accompanied her father home. The Colonel now re-entered to Grumble, got from him the cash, and an account of what passed between him and Raspe; was not a little pleased with the accident

dent that brought him and Miss Raspe so unexpectedly together, and diverted at the idea that Raspe, with all his eyes, should furnish him with money to elope with his own daughter.

C H A P. XXVI.

LADY Dashit having sent to request that Spatter would call upon her the first time he came her way, he lost no time upon the occasion, but waited on her ladyship very soon after; when together, and in private, after a little general conversation, she begged leave
to

to ask him " Whether he knew Sir
 " Thomas Flam?"—" Perfectly well,
 " Madam, (replied he) perfectly well,
 " not to know *him*, would be to argue
 " myself unknown ; there is scarce a
 " titled man in the kingdom that I
 " don't personally know ; the different
 " clubs I belong to, my connections,
 " all lead to this knowledge."—" He
 " has, I understand, (said Lady Dashit)
 " an estate of 2000l. a year in the
 " neighbourhood of York."—" Oh, yes,
 " (returned he) the *Flam's* of Yorkshire
 " every one knows."—How much
 " (asks Lady Dashit) do you suppose
 " his estate amounts to?"—" I don't
 " know, indeed, (returned Spatter) the
 " exact rental ; but I apprehend it must
 " be

“considerably above the sum your
 “ladyship mentions.” She asked
 again, “What may be the name of
 “his estate?” Spatter all confusion
 at these questions, and not willing to
 be caught in a lye, and yet not to be
 known to a baronet, were things he
 could not digest, feigning, therefore,
 forgetfulness “Name of his estate,
 “Ma’am, name of his estate;—bless
 “me, I shall forget my own name
 “presently—I don’t think of it at this
 “moment, but I have spent many a
 “cheerful day with him.”—“Then, I
 “presume, (said her ladyship) you are
 “personally acquainted with him?”—
 “Personally (answered Spatter). Lady
 Dashit, fearful they might not both
 mean

mean the same person; observed,
 " that Sir Thomas was a tall, elegant,
 " well made man."—" Yes, yes, Ma-
 " dam, (returns Spatter, with a quick
 " reply) Flam's a fine fellow:" and
 dreading, with this inquisitive woman,
 he should soon get gravelled; for till
 now he had never heard of one of the
 name, determined to be off. Looking,
 therefore, at his watch, he cries,
 " Bless me, it is near three o'clock,
 " and I promised to be at Lady Swal-
 " lows precisely as the clock struck!"
 and upon her, Lady Dashit's, noticing,
 that he was a very exact man, he, with
 his usual flow of spirits, happy in
 having got rid of the disagreeable sub-
 ject, continued, " I was always rec-
 VOL. II. I " koned

“ so, Ma’am ; I pride myself upon it.
 “ Punctuality and truth ever go hand
 “ in hand with me. Miss Blossom calls
 “ me an oracle ; Lady Bab, a time-
 “ piece, and Mrs. Drive-it a regula-
 “ tor. I am very sorry to leave you ;
 “ but her ladyship will be all impa-
 “ tience, and I would not lose my repu-
 “ tation with Lady Swallow upon any
 “ account. Gadso, Lady Dashit, I shall
 “ forget *myself* presently ; I must tell
 “ you a little anecdote, however, of
 “ Miss Sneak before I leave you.—
 “ You know that she lives as an hum-
 “ ble friend with Lady Di. Snapit ; her
 “ Ladyship, you know, is very fond of
 “ books, or at least pretends to be so :
 “ but whether she is or not - is of little
 “ moment ;

" moment; it being no concern of
 " mine; I speak only as I hear. And
 " this affected penchant for literature,
 " leads her to notice those of her ac-
 " quaintance most, who seem to have a
 " smattering for reading: this being re-
 " marked by Miss Sneak, who, you
 " know Ma'am, is of the wrong side of
 " thirty, and whose education had
 " been neglected in the younger part
 " of her life, and being desirous of rising
 " in the favour of Lady Di. was de-
 " termined to study hard, in hopes of
 " gaining Lady Di's affection: she
 " mentioned this to her ladyship, re-
 " questing her, at the same time, that
 " she would lend her a book to begin.
 " Lady Di, who took a pride in

“ mortifying those she had under her
 “ command, and happy in laughing, at
 “ the expence of her dependents, ap-
 “ plauded her design, and promised to
 “ lend her one of the most useful books
 “ in her library. It was a French and
 “ English Dictionary. Some days
 “ after, her ladyship asked Miss Sneak
 “ how she liked the book. Infinitely,
 “ replied she ; it is the most delightful
 “ book I ever saw ; the sentences are
 “ all short, and easily understood, and
 “ the letters charmingly ranged in
 “ ranks like soldiers on the parade ;
 “ whereas, in some other books, which
 “ I have seen, they are mingled toge-
 “ ther in a confused manner, like a
 “ mere mob ; so that there is no plea-
 “ sure

" in looking at them, and very diffi-
 " cult to know what they mean. In-
 " deed I am no longer surpris'd at the
 " satisfaction your ladyship takes in
 " study!—But commend me to the
 " divine Miss Trevor." He was no
 sooner gone, than Lady Dashit recol-
 lected having read this story in some
 book, which Spatter had been pleas'd
 to give to Lady Snapit; but no mat-
 ter, her thoughts were upon Sir Tho-
 mas Flam; and, as Mr. Spatter knew
 his family, her doubts respecting him
 were done away.

CHAP. XXVII.

FLint having made his master acquainted with what he had seen at Lady Dashit's and the scheme laid by Mr. Dangle's servant to marry her under a feigned character; Ramble, not willing to stir in the business himself, lest Flint should be wrong in his story, told him, if he was not mistaken in the man, to go to Lady Dashit's, see her ladyship, and make her acquainted with it in the best way he could; but, on no account, to mention his name in it.

Flint could not have been sent on a
more

more agreeable errand. He had a sneaking kindness for Bridget, and was happy in an opportunity of seeing her. He posted, therefore, to the house;—being admitted, and meeting her in an antichamber, cries, “Hearkee, “Mrs. Bridget—I think they call you the “chamber-maid?—Ar’nt these same “chamber-maids always in the secrets “of their mistresses?”—“Do you “imagine, I shall answer you that “question? (replied Bridget)” — “Why not, honey? (returned Flint) “I’ve a little matter (d’ye see) to com- “municate to Lady Dashit through “you, and that more nearly concerns “her than she would wish to think.” “Well, come (said Bridget) what is

" it ?"—" What is it, my jewel? (re-
 " plied Flint) That's too home a ques-
 " tion to be answered, (d'ye see)
 " without some little preface to it.
 " We soldiers never fire without a make
 " ready—present. You must first swear,
 " honey, never to divulge it to any
 " creature living."—" Then, how
 " (said Bridget) can you communicate
 " what you have to say to my Lady,
 " through *me*, if I am not to tell it."
 " —Why, by my fait, that's true (re-
 " turned Flint)—I did not tink of that;
 " Well then, child, you must swear
 " not to tell it to any body else."
 (Bridget all impatience) " Well, I do
 " swear I will not—Come, let's have it;
 " for a chambermaid, you know, is all
 " curiosity."

"curiosity." --- "That, (answered
 "Flint) is true again; but for the oath
 "—now, d'ye see, honey, a military oath
 "is always taken by kissing the sword,
 "and, as we have no sword here, why—
 "you may—kiss *me*;" (and took hold of
 her) upon which she, struggling to get
 from him, said, "indeed Mr. Monster
 "I shan't,"—"But indeed Maistress
 "Baggage (said Flint) you shall,"
 and kissing her, "by my soul, (said he
 to himself) its as good as a dram in a
 cold frosty morning—it has warmed me
 all over, "Why, (looking at Bridget,)
 "d'ye see, my charming chamber-
 "maid, oaths must be voluntary, or
 "they are not binding; therefore kiss
 "me of your own accord."---"Don't

" be a fool, Flint ; (said Bridget) if you
 " have any thing to say, say it ; if not,
 " I'll stay no longer."—" Well, then,
 " (said Flint) I'll tell you, You must
 " know, my dear Mrs. Bridget, when
 " my late maister and I were at the
 " siege of Trincomaleè,... Damme, it
 " was warm work that day ;---and we
 " fought it foot by foot ; I believe, if
 " it had not been for us, the place
 " would not have been carried !" Here
 Bridget again interrupted him, with
 " What have I to do with all this?---
 " What's the *secret* you have to tell
 " me ?"---" Why, child, the secret will
 " come presently, (answered Flint) ; I
 " must lay the train before I can spring
 " the mine ;--at this same siege of Trin-
 " comaleè,

“ comaleè, it was there I lost my eye ; I
 “ shall never forget it !—Well, it was
 “ lost in a good cause, and, wiping the
 “ other, as though crying, I don’t
 “ lament it.”—“ Come, (said Bridget)
 “ in a consoling accent, don’t be cast
 “ down Flint—it gives you a soldier-
 “ like fierceness, that you would not
 “ have without it.”—“ Cast down !
 “ No, by my fait, Flint was never yet
 “ cast down, (returned he) ; the eye
 “ that’s left, it’s true, dropped a tear
 “ at the remembrance of parting with
 “ an old friend ;—that’s all ; no, no,
 “ Flint will never regret the loss of
 “ an eye when his country calls for it.
 “ It might have been my life ! What
 “ then ? Nothing. It’s a call of fer-

“vice, and I obey. Flint’s afraid of
“nothing but dishonour and disgrace.”
—“Well, but Corporal, (said Bridget)
“you’re not come to the secret yet?”
Still Flint went on, “I told you, I
“believe, that my maister and I
“fought it foot by foot,” (and here
Flint brandished his stick with an af-
fected air) “and when the walls gave
“way, and we mounted the breach,
“an officer in a private’s uniform, op-
“posed our entrance; I levelled my
“piece at him, thus, (levelling his
“stick) and would have laid him flat,
“but my maister checked me, “Re-
“turn your arms, Flint, (says he)—he
“is an officer, you may always know a
“jontleman by his manner.” I remem-
ber

"ber it as well as if it was but yester-
 "day—you may always know a jon-
 "tleman by his manner."—" And
 " what, (said Bridget) is all this to
 " me?"—" Don't be in a hurry, honey,
 " now the secret's coming, (says Flint)
 " but you must swear again," (and
 offered to kiss her). " I'll swear no
 " more, whether you tell me or not,"
 (returned Bridget, with some warmth).
 Here Flint paused a little, as if musing,
 and then repeated, " you may always
 " know a jontleman by his manner.—
 " Do you suppose now, my dear little
 " curtain duster, that this Sir Thomas
 " Flam, (as he calls himself) is a jon-
 " tleman?"—" Certainly I do, (says
 Bridget,) with some emotion, fearing
 they

they were discovered. "Don't believe it, don't believe it, (returned Flint,) he's no more a gentleman than you are a prude;---you may always know a gentleman by his manner;---he has no more dignity than a baboon. He goes off like a flash in the pan, fitz," (imitating the sound with his voice). "All men, Flint, (said Bridget) are not alike; some have more dignity, as you call it, than others, witness yourself. They gain it often by accident; the loss of that eye, has made you look twice the man you would otherwise have looked."--- "None of your flings, Mrs. Bridget, none of your flings at me, (returned Flint

" Flint), have a care, not to raise the
" lion, I tell you, Sir Thomas Flam is an
" imposter. I know him, he is Mr.
" Dangle's servant, and if a lady had
" not been present, I would have
" kicked him out of the house." Here
Bridget was much disconcerted, but,
thought she, if I can but persuade him
to hold his tongue, till the marriage
takes place, he may then tell it as
soon as he will; and turning round to
Flint, " But are you sure you're right?
(said she). " Sure as a rifle-barrel,"
(returned he). " An impudent scoun-
" drel! (says Bridget) Well Mr.
" Flint, I am much obliged to you for
" the discovery, and shall acquaint my
" Lady with it; but as it will be best to
" punish

“punish him publicly, I must beg
 “you to keep it a secret till an oppor-
 “tunity offers to expose him when
 “many are by.”—“That, (replied he)
 “will be a good joke, fait ;—you may
 “rely upon Flint.”—“Swear it, (said
 “Bridget).” — “I do, — by these
 “sweet lips I do.” And here he
 found no difficulty to kiss Mrs.
 Bridget, who knew her only chance
 was to keep this fellow silent. Flint
 asked her when this same Sir Thomas
 Flam would be here again?—“In a
 “few days, (said Bridget). When we
 “have laid the plan I will send you
 “word, and till then, good bye to
 “you.” Flint took himself off, with
 “Leave him but to little Flint, and
 he’ll

he'll bring him to a court-martial,
and piquet him.

C H A P. XXVIII.

RAMBLE now received a letter from Miss Raspe, saying, that her father was determined to set out as the next day for Paris. That he had kept her in the dark till about two hours ago; that she had tried various means to prevail on him to stay a few days longer, but nothing would do; till at last she could only gain one day, in order to have her teeth set to rights
by

by a dentist, which she thought a very necessary step, as they might not have so good an opportunity again, between London and Florence; that this had effected the business, that he had consented to her sending for a dentist the next morning, and would stay a day longer on that account. She wished the Colonel would therefore disguise himself as a dentist, personate an old Frenchman, speaking broken English, introduce himself as Dr. Snag, and be with her at eleven in the morning; and, she flattered herself she should then have an opportunity of adjusting what was necessary before they left London.

Ramble

Ramble did not very well like this scheme, but the time being short, he had no alternative ; he procured a scarlet roquelaure, a bag of instruments, and tye-wig, painted his face and set off the next morning on this awkward piece of enterprize. When he arrived at the house, he was introduced into the room where Mr. Raspe seemed engaged. Raspe hearing he was a Frenchman, and concluding he could enter into no conversation, and, indeed he was so disguised as to have all the appearance of a Frenchman ; rang the bell for a servant, sent him for his daughter, made a motion with his hand as desiring him to be seated, and then proceeded on what he was about, which

which seemed to be reading letters, and calculating respecting the Slave-Trade; for he was talking to himself and reckoning on his fingers. All Ramble could hear him say, was, West-India markets overstocked!--bad piece of business this--better throw the slaves overboard than sell them under price;--keep them long, they'll eat their heads off. Miss Raspe now came into the room. "Charlotte, the dentist waits for you, (said he) I shall leave you to yourselves; my teeth want a little doctoring, when he has *performed* upon you, he shall do the same with me." He was no sooner gone, than Miss bolted the door, and the Colonel threw off his cloak, and laid his

his instruments down, gave her a thousand thanks for this well-contrived interview, but feared there would be no means of getting her away, till they reached Paris. Miss Raspe was of the same opinion, particularly as their stay in London would be so short. Ramble said it was of no great moment, that a few more miles would make little difference. "Not, (said Miss Raspe) unless we lose sight of each other." Ramble answered, "that will be impossible, unless he could travel in the clouds; every thing seems in a fair way. Had an opportunity even offered, I could not have embraced it a few days ago, being in want cash; but now I am provided.

" Nothing

" Nothing, even in love, is to be done
 " without money; the wheels will not
 " turn, the horses will not gallop, nor
 " will the driver start. Be assured I
 " will watch your father's motions,
 " for, having my dear angel, so great
 " an object in view, I will never lose
 " sight of it." During this interview
 they were allowed time enough to settle
 their plan of future proceedings. She
 could not acquaint him with the
 house they should be at in Paris, as her
 father would not inform her; but it was
 settled, that she should let him know
 by a line sent to the English Coffee-
 house. She said their stay there would
 be short, that no one would travel
 with them, but Brutus, the black, and
 wished

wished he would contrive to take her from thence. He promised if possible to do it, and seemed to make very little doubt of accomplishing it. Raspe's foot being heard upon the stairs, she unbolted the door, and Ramble put on his cloak. Raspe coming into the room, and finding he had finished with his daughter, sat down, bad him look into his mouth, and see what was wanting. Ramble put on a pair of spectacles, and, holding up his head by the chin, said, " der is great deal
 " of scurvy about dis head. Gums,
 " enflammeés, and vil be more
 " vourse,—dey shou'd be lanced."
 Raspe bawls out, " Won't you hurt
 " me? I can't bear pain. I am subject
 " to

"to the tooth-ach." Miss Raspe
 stood behind all this time, and could
 not refrain from laughing at the oddity
 of the scene.—"Vat I shall do to them
 " (said Ramble) vil be very bon, and
 " you vil scarce feel it; but you must
 " take care not to catch cold after it."
 " —Be quick, (said Raspe) for I hate
 " long jobs." — " Dere then," said
 Ramble, cutting his gums all acrofs
 with his lancet, very deep, and which
 bled very much. Raspe, jumping up
 with seeming pain, repeated his words,
 with great vociferation, " Dere then!--
 " damn the fellow---won't pay him a
 " farthing---he's lanced me with a
 " vengeance---out of my room, Sir,
 " or I'll be the death of you." — " Bless
 " me

“ me, (says Miss Raspe) how you bleed,
 “ Sir!— I’ll fetch some water,” and
 took that opportunity to run out ; Dr.
 Snag followed her, observing, that it
 would keep him some days longer in
 London. And Raspe, with his hand-
 kerchief to his mouth, made the best of
 his way after them.

Scarce an hour had elapsed after the
 Colonel had got home, before he re-
 ceived another letter from Miss Raspe,
 saying that her father had scolded her
 for sending for so ignorant a fellow ; had
 consulted his apothecary, who advised
 him not to venture into the air till his
 gums were healed, of course took it for
 granted they should stay a week longer ;

and would contrive to see him again before they went. He took an opportunity of returning Miss Trevor the five hundred pounds she had so generously advanced for him. Unwilling to take it himself, least by another interview, he should renew those sensations that were, in some measure, asleep ; he sent it by a friend, with a letter of unfeigned gratitude.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

WE must now turn our eyes to Lady Dashit. Another interview with Tom had been appointed, wherein it was expected she would declare her determination respecting him. She had seen him several times, and liked his person and manner ; was satisfied from Spatter's account of him, that his estate could not be so little as 2000l. a year ; she, therefore, made up her mind on the business, and resolved to be explicit when next he came. That time was now arrived, she had been given to understand he meant to wait on her that morning ; and, that

she might not be interrupted, contrived to get Miss Trevor from home. Within an hour of his coming, she had been long in discourse with Bridget on Miss Trevor's conduct; said she was an inconsiderate girl, paid very little regard to money, and that her sending 500l. to release Colonel Ramble, a person she was almost a stranger to, was an evident proof of it; she did not doubt but she should live to see the day, when she'd be a begger; "Possibly," (said her Ladyship,) she may think to "come in for some of mine; but I'll "take care into what channel mine "goes. Sir Thomas Flam shall have "mine, every shilling of it."—"Ah, that "he should, (answered Bridget,) if I
" were

"were you, my lady. I wonder he has
 "not been here; he generally keeps his
 "time." Scarce had she said the word,
 but a great knocking was heard, "Per-
 "haps this is Sir Thomas; shall I go and
 "see, my lady?" Consent being given,
 she went, and Lady Dashit, in the in-
 terim, determined to close the business
 at once. Her words were, 'I shan't
 stand shilly-shally upon the occasion,
 as girl's do.' Tom was ushered in by
 Bridget, and, addressed Lady Dashit,
 thus.—"My dear Lady Dashit, I kiss
 "your hand. It seems an age since I
 "saw you." Bridget was ordered by
 her lady to leave the room, observing
 "that wench would gladly have staid
 "and heard what we had to say. Cham-

"bermaids are the most curious and inqui-
 "sitive animals alive." "They are like
 "gentlemens valets, (cried Tom) whose
 "masters too apt to put confidence in
 "them, make them forward and im-
 "pertinent; mine is too much so.
 "Well now, my dear Madam, permit
 "me to ask you, whether you have taken
 "the matter we were talking about
 "into consideration. I am impatient
 "for the happy day."—"Perhaps too
 "impatient, Sir Thomas, (replied her
 "ladyship.) He that weds in haste,
 "say, they repents at leisure."—"No,
 "man, (returns Tom) can possibly re-
 "pent giving his hand to one of
 "Lady Dashit's amiable qualifications,
 "and he was going on, when unfor-
 tunately

fortunately for him, Spatter, who had found his way into the house, and almost into the room, was stopped by Bridget on the landing-place, who was heard to say, without, "Indeed
 " Mr. Spatter, you can't see my Lady
 " now; she is particularly engaged."—
 Spatter was also heard to say, " I must
 " see her; for I have news of the utmost
 " importance to acquaint her with. I
 " shall not detain her Ladyship a minute." He was not to be put back, and Bridget thinking if she opened the door, and he saw a gentleman with her, that he would naturally retire, opened it; but, on so doing, so far from withdrawing, he pushed right into the room; Tom seeing him, drew back.

" My dear Lady Dashit, I beg your par-
 " don for this intrusion, but I have a
 " matter for your private ear, that
 " I am persuaded you would wish to
 " know.—Miss Blossom is '... he was
 going on at a fine rate, but seeing
 Tom, stopped short, saying, " I thought
 " we had been alone; pray who is that
 " gentleman?"—" A particular friend
 " of yours, (said Lady Dashit) who has
 " done me the honour of a visit."
 Spatter going up to Tom, said,
 " Sir, I am your most obedient humble
 " servant;"—then addressing himself to
 Lady Dashit, " I have not the honour
 " to know the gentleman; but no mat-
 " ter, what I am going to relate is no
 " secret; 'tis only that Lord Random
 " has

"has returned Miss Blossom, and will
 "have nothing more to do with her."
 How (said Lady Dashit to herself) not
 know him—There must be something
 treacherous in this piece of business, or
 Spatter must have told a lie; then
 addressing herself to Tom, said, "Mr.
 "Spatter is an old acquaintance of
 "your's, Sir Thomas?"—"I protest,
 "(replied Tom) I never saw the gen-
 "tleman before."—"Mr. Spatter,
 "(said Lady Dashit) didn't you tell
 "me that you was personally acquainted
 "with Sir Thomas Flam?—That's Sir
 "Thomas Flam." Bridget, who was
 all this time in the room, drew up to
 Tom, and took an opportunity, unno-
 ticed, to whisper in his ear, "Brazen

"it out, you may be Sir Thomas Flam,
 "or Lord Flam, for any thing he
 "knows to the contrary." Spatter
 kept eying Tom all this time, and as
 unwilling as either of them to be
 found in a lie, determined to persist in
 it, let what would be the consequence,
 or he never should be believed again.
 "Yes Madam, (said he to Lady
 "Dashit), I have the pleasure to be
 "personally known to him, but your
 "ladyship is joking with me now; this
 "gentleman is no more Sir Thomas
 "Flam, than I am Sir Thomas Flam."
 Tom then drew up to Spatter, angrily,
 saying, "how dare you presume to
 "falsify my person? You are disco-
 "vered in a barefaced lie, and now
 "want

" want to bully it out ; (then address-
 " sing Lady Dashit,) this man's cha-
 " racter is too well-known. He is not
 " acquainted with one man of fashion.
 " in ten, that he boasts of being known
 " to."—" That *I* can take upon me
 " to say, (whispers Bridget to her lady,)
 " it was but the other day, he met with
 " Lord Spangle, with whom he profes-
 " sed an acquaintance for years, and
 " yet didn't know him : " (then whis-
 " pering to Tom,) " threaten him, and
 " you'll soon get rid of him," and went
 " out.

Spatter then addressed himself to
 Tom, " Such language as you have used
 " to me, Sir, is not to be put up with.

" Had I a sword by my side, as you
 " have, I'd let you see the length of
 " it." — " Nothing, (replied Tom,
 " loudly) but this lady's presence
 " prevents me from treating you as you
 " deserve." During these high words,
 who should come in but Tom's master,
 leading in Miss Trevor. Tom, thun-
 derstruck, said, " My master here too!
 " Now 'tis all over. They're against
 " the door, or I'd be off." (He draws
 back, seeking for an opportunity to
 escape). " What's the matter, Ma'am?
 " (said Miss Trevor) I thought I
 " heard high words, or I would not
 " have intruded." --- " It is very unpo-
 " lite, gentlemen, (said Dangle,) to be
 " quarrelling in the company of a
 lady.

"lady." Spatter observed, it was no quarrel, only a warm debate about a matter of little consequence. "It may be of little consequence to you, gentlemen, (said Lady Dashit) but to me it is of the greatest."

Flint, having been sent by his master, with Rattle and Saunter, to Saunter's house, in order to bring something back; and passing by Lady Dashit's where he saw the chair that had brought Sir Thomas Flam before, gave the gentlemen a short account of what he knew, and wished them to step in; they, as desirous as he could be of enjoying the confusion that must arise on the discovery; knocked, and enquired if he was not there; and
being

answered in the affirmative, said, they had business of consequence with Lady Dashit, and must see her : accordingly they were admitted ; and, the door being open, they entered the room during this scene. Tom finding himself furrounded by his enemies, endeavoured to slip away, but Flint stopped him with,

“ Hold fast there, honey, I must have
 “ a little bit of talk with you, before I
 “ go.” (Tom walks about as angry, hanging his head, lest he should be known to his master.) You are come, gentlemen, at a fortunate moment, (said
 “ Dangle) Mr. Spatter has contrived
 “ to get himself into a quarrel with a
 “ gentleman here upon a visit to Lady
 “ Dashit. Swords were talked of, and,
 “ (laughing,

“ (laughing,) had it not been for our
 “ coming in, as we did, there might
 “ have been bloody work.” Miss
 Trevor and Lady Dashit now retired to
 the other part of the room, conversi-
 with each other, and Saunter, who was
 of a satyrical turn, observed to Dangle,
 laughing, “ that if blood had been shed,
 “ it would have been slaying the enemy
 “ without quarter, which, in my opinion,
 “ (said he) is murder; for Spatter, I’ll
 “ be sworn, would have made no re-
 “ sistance but with his tongue; and as a
 “ coward cannot be an honest man,
 “ there must have been some foul play
 “ in Spatter.” Dangle going up to
 Tom, addresses him with, “ As a
 “ stranger, Sir,——(Here he stopped
 for

for he did not discover him till this moment) "How's this? (cried he) my
 "varlet of a servant dressed up in the
 "habit of a gentleman?" This was
 heard by the whole company. Flint
 answered him, "Yes your honour. He
 "was retreating, but little Flint stopped
 "him."—"Detain him, (said Dangle)
 "a little longer." Flint accordingly
 put him back, takes his sword from him,
 and mounts guard, as it were, over him.
 "Mr. Dangle's servant! (exclaims
 "Lady Dashit, then have I been duped
 "indeed. He passed himself on me,
 "(said she to Dangle) for a Yorkshire
 "baronet."—"So I find, (returned
 "Rattle) We learned the greatest part
 "of what passed before we came in;
 "for

“for Flint discovered him the last visit
 “he made to your ladyship, and came
 “now with us to acquaint you with it.”

“Spatter’s right for once, (said Rattle)

“in not knowing him to be Sir Tho-

“mas Flam.” At this Spatter began

to triumph, saying, “and yet I could

“not obtain credit!”——“Nay, returns

“Saunter) don’t boast of your veracity;

“I’ll appeal to Rattle, did not you tell

“me this morning, Rattle, of a conver-

“sation that passed between you and

“Spatter, respecting an embarrassment

“he was under here, in inadvertently,

“as he was pleased to term it, assert-

“ing to Lady Dashit, that he was per-

“sonally acquainted with Sir Thomas

“Flam, when he was conscious there

“was

" was conscious there was no such man
 " existing ?"---" I did, (answered
 " Rattle) and am happy in being here
 " to confront him."---" Perfidious
 " man ! (exclaimed Lady Dashit) but
 " I deserve it."---" With what pro-
 " priety, (said Dangle to Spatter) can
 " you expect to gain credit, when your
 " whole life is made up of lies and de-
 " ceit ? My incautious disposition led
 " me, as it has done others, to entertain
 " a favourable opinion of you. But
 " you have always represented me as a
 " man without resolution. True
 " enough, I wanted resolution to drop
 " you. I have at last found you out,
 " and pronounce you to be a hypocri-
 " tical

"tical, gossiping liar; a mischief-
 "maker in families; the bane of so-
 "ciety; and, of course, ought to be
 "shunned as a pestilence. You la-
 "boured to lower me in the opinion
 "of my friends, but your artifices have
 "been seen through, and we have to-
 "tally done with you." Spatter now
 struck down with conscious guilt, ap-
 plied to Saunter to make his peace with
 Lady Dashit, and with Dangle, but could
 not succeed; he then tried Rattle, but
 all to no purpose. He applied first to
 one and then to another, and finding
 them all against him, and reproaching
 him, he thought the best thing he could
 do, was to decamp, and accordingly
 "left

left the room. "Next (said Rattle)
 "to the satisfaction I receive in the
 "prosperity of an *honest* man, I am best
 "pleased in the confusion of a *rascal*."
 "Having now got rid (said Dangle) of
 "one rascal, let's see what's to be done
 "with the other. Flint bring forward
 "your prisoner." Flint cries, "I will
 "your honour," and marches him up.
 "The rascal's very looks betray him,
 "(said Dangle). What, villain, was
 "your view in all this?"—"He want-
 "ed, your honour, (answers Flint
 "for him,) to marry Lady Dashit under
 "false colours."—"It is a pity, (re-
 "turned Dangle) there is no law to pu-
 "nish such a miscreant as he deserves."
 "The

"The war is over, (says Rattle) or we
 "might send him for a soldier."---
 "No, your honour, (replied Flint) that
 "would be disgracing the profession."
 "You're right, Flint, (returned Rattle)
 "I did not think of that."---"The
 "best way, (said Saunter) is, I believe,
 "to put him into Flint's charge, and let
 "him strip him, and turn him into the
 "street."---"No, not strip him, (replies
 "Dangle to Saunter) the cloathes are
 "not mine, (and then to Tom,) let me ne-
 "ver see your face again."---"Take him
 "away, Flint, (said Rattle)."---"I will
 "your honour (replied Flint) and, when
 "I quit him, shall I give him a part-
 "ing kick?"---"Do what you will
 "with

“with him, (said Dangle) there’s no-
 “thing too bad for him.” At this,
 Flint collared Tom, and dragged him,
 out, with “Come along, honey—come
 “along, Sir Thomas Flam; come
 “along;” and the parties retired to talk
 the matter a little further over.

The reader will pardon a reflection
 naturally occurring on this subject, that
 it is the folly and weakness of some
 women that lays them open to such ar-
 tifices, and if they are entrapped, it is in a
 snare of their own contriving: and, with
 respect to Spatter, however useful, or
 entertaining a man may render him-
 self to his acquaintance, and have his
 faults

faults thus overlooked for a time ;
there is no sensible man but sees
through the deceptions of a knave,
and will, in the end, set his face
against him.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

(212)

...this overlooked for a time
there is no feasible man but there
through the deception of a hand
and will, in the end, let his face
against him.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.